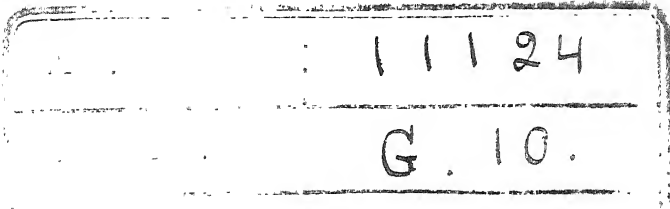


CECIL RHODES



ERRATA

- Page 23, line 22. *For slate read slave*
" 29, " 17. *For Grahams read Graham*
" 30, " 9. *For Delf read Delft*
" 34, " 3 from foot. *For genus loci read genius loci*
" 50, " 2 " *For surplant read supplant*
" 52, " 13. *For Karmac read Karnac*
" 81, " 25. *For I was often read As I was often*
" 153, " 11. *For vaulting read vaunting*
" 160, " 9. *For It is read Is it*

CHECKED

BAKER: Cecil Rhodes.



THE BROODING SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

SIR D. Y. CAMERON, R.A.

1124
D. 65

CECIL RHODES

by his ARCHITECT
HERBERT BAKER



SYMBOLS OF RHODES' WAY FROM CAPE
TO CAIRO

The Southern Cross

Pilots stars to the Navigators of the Cape of Storms

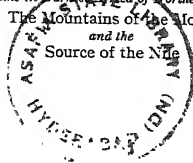
The Stone Birds of Zimbabwe

Gleams in Dark Africa of Northern Lights

The Mountains of the Moon

and the

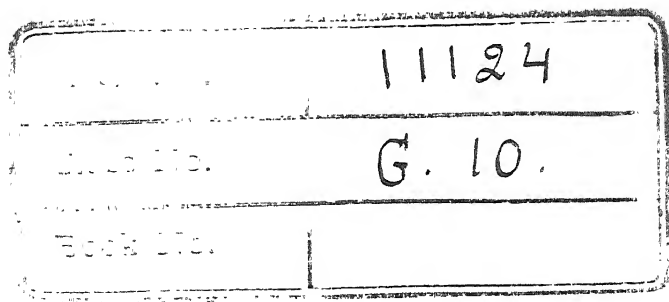
Source of the Nile



London
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Of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry.
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and once only, and for One only.

BROWNING, *One Word More*.

FOREWORD

By GENERAL THE RT. HON. J. C. SMUTS

I GLADLY accede to the request of Sir Herbert Baker to write a foreword to his book on Rhodes. Unfortunately, I never had the opportunity to meet Rhodes and to form a personal impression of him. Knowing of the close association between him and Sir Herbert Baker at a critical time in Rhodes' life, I used often in later years to discuss with him his talks and morning rides with Rhodes in order to get some idea of Rhodes the man, as distinguished from Rhodes the magnate and politician. I was deeply interested in all he had to tell me, and urged him to write down his memories and impressions of Rhodes. It is unfortunately the fact that it is very difficult to get a sure or even tangible impression of Rhodes the man from the many books which have been written about him. And I felt that Sir Herbert Baker could fill the gap in our knowledge with many useful and interesting details. He not only knew Rhodes personally and closely, but he could enter imaginatively into the mind and viewpoints of Rhodes. As an artist with deep sympathies and imaginative insight he could see what others round Rhodes perhaps missed. In this little book he has discharged his duty to the memory of Rhodes and has given us his reading of

the man. It is a very valuable addition to the Rhodes literature.

We here see Rhodes as the lover of nature and of beautiful things. We see him as the patron of art and the promoter of an important aspect of the spiritual life of a young country. It was not wide political horizons only that appealed to Rhodes. He loved Table Mountain and our other natural glories; he admired our South African Dutch architecture; he was deeply interested in our old Colonial furniture and domestic handicrafts. South Africa is fortunately rich in these priceless assets. And he used his great wealth to conserve what was precious in our past, to protect it from the sordid hand of the vandal, and to deepen interest in it and love for it for the future. Thus a side of Rhodes' nature emerges to which too little attention has been given in the accounts of him, but which is important for the final estimate of his personality.

Rhodes' stock has been going up recently. Interest in him and his ideas has quickened, as is shown by the appearance this year of quite a number of books on him, including the magnum opus of Mrs. Millin. Among all these accounts Sir Herbert Baker's book will occupy a special position and fulfil a special function, in its emphasis on the inner spiritual side of the great man's nature and work. In his own individual way he grasped the principle of beauty and harmony in nature, and through it was kept in

FOREWORD

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touch with the deepest aspect of the universe. And many who do not otherwise care for Rhodes' projects and ideas will be interested to see this side of him. Sir Herbert Baker's book renders a real service and will I feel sure reach a wide and appreciative public.

INTRODUCTION

MY readers will, I feel confident, forgive me if I emphasize a personal note in introducing them to this record of my memories of Cecil Rhodes. The spirit of art which was deep within his being was in his earlier life silent and immature, but it developed rapidly when, on becoming Prime Minister of Cape Colony, he settled into his home on the Cape Peninsula. It was not till then that there came to him the opportunity and the need for artistic expression. The love of art and nature were so inseparable a part of his life's Idea that his relations with his architect could never have been other than friendly and intimate. He needed sympathy and help in turning to constructive shapes the artistic visions within him.

To his friendship and patronage I owe the deepest debt of gratitude for the trust he reposed in me, and for the unique opportunities he gave me for inspiring work to do and for travel to study my art. This good fortune came to me at a critical time in my life, when in a spirit of adventure I had migrated to South Africa. But it was also a critical time in the history of South Africa. The discovery of diamonds and gold was then bringing to this young and immature country sudden wealth even beyond the dreams of its earlier romance. The old arts of the Dutch, French, and English colonists

were forgotten or despised, and their simple national cultures were in danger of confusion and extinction in the age of Victorian art and commercialism. Such rapid prosperity might have submerged the finer qualities of the established colonists in a wave of feverish materialism, such as has proved a danger to other new countries. But Cecil Rhodes, by his own beliefs and example, awakened the consciousness of South Africans to the artistic traditions of their past; and as he brought idealism into the sphere of politics, so too did he infuse the spirits of men with his own love of art and nature, which tended to refine and redeem the material influences which threatened them. This high service, which I was privileged to share with him in some small degree, has been an incalculable stimulus and inspiration to me throughout my life's work in South Africa and elsewhere in the Empire. It is with the deepest gratitude, therefore, for all that I owe to Cecil Rhodes, that I pay this all too inadequate tribute to his memory.

It is also as a lover of South Africa, having spent half my working life there, that I desire to put on record my personal knowledge of the affection of Cecil Rhodes for the country and its people; and my interpretation of his dreams, which he strove strenuously in an arduous life to make real, for the greatness and prosperity of all her citizens regardless of race; for the increase of her borders, her power and influence within the British Empire

and in the world; and for the advancement of her culture and her art. It has been my endeavour in this memoir to avoid penetrating too far beyond the limited range of my personal experience and overlapping, or vying with, the work of those biographers who had a different and wider experience of Rhodes and knowledge of the history of his time; or of those distinguished writers who are masters of their craft. In this little book I can make no attempt to write a biography, and full details of his life must, therefore, be gathered from other sources. But I must confess that the fascination of the work has led me on, beyond my first intention, in the desire to confirm or strengthen the statements or opinions of others, whenever my own experience would seem to condemn, affirm, or emphasize what they have written.

I must, I feel, tender an apology to my readers for the inexperience of a craftsman working in an unaccustomed medium; attempting to 'put to proof art alien to the artist's'. I realize the tendency to crowd ideas into the page, as though they were decoration to be woven into the design of a medieval tapestry. Quotations, too, have tended to creep into the design under an impulse to fit the hero into the literary *Heroön* of his race. I have been consoled, since realizing in my labours these tendencies, by reading Sir Henry Newbolt's Introduction to his *Autobiography* in which he quotes E. F. Benson as asserting of '... the ideal

Biography . . . that the intertwining of its various threads, to form a tapestry, are characteristic of its technique'.

But I trust that these imperfections, due to my inexperience as a writer, may be forgiven for the sake of the sincerity of my desire to build up a few stones to the monument of Cecil Rhodes in the shrine of history, so that the memory of him, 'all evil shred away, a pulse in the eternal mind', may be an inspiration to the thought and action of this and of the generations that are to come.

It may seem that I have been too forgetful of the dross which clung to the pure metal of his composition, as it came through the molten fires of life. After thirty years I do in truth see most vividly through the eye of memory the picture of those years of power and achievement, 1892-5, when as Prime Minister he lived in his house under the mountain which he loved, before he battled with a diseased heart against fault and failure and the manifold misfortunes that tested the true ring of the metal. In these pages I hope to show that the metal stood the test.

I must give my thanks to those who in their kindness have helped and urged me forward. To General Smuts, who first excited my latent desire, for his Foreword: Providence in its wisdom has ordained that it should be he, of the once opposing race, who should soar in flight of mind—as of body—over the Cape-to-Cairo Way of Rhodes'

Dream, seeking like him the Peace of the World through the strength of a racially united South Africa. To those who, amongst my young friends who too saw the Gleam and took the Torch, read my first draft—since enlarged at their suggestions—and gave me indulgent criticism and encouragement: Patrick Duncan, Richard Feetham, and Philip Lothian. To Rudyard Kipling for allowing me to quote from his letters to me. To D. Y. Cameron for helping to give expression through his drawing to the 'Spirit of the Mountain'. To Dougal Malcolm for his Greek verse. To Mr. Elliot of Capetown for his photographs. To many other friends and authors also whose help I may have failed to acknowledge.

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CHAPTER I

Lonely spirit.

Other biographers.

Misrepresentation.

Author's knowledge of Rhodes.

Spiritual ideals.

Art unexpected in him.

Doctrine of Ransom.

Ruskin's influence.

His knowledge and taste in art.

Sent Author abroad to study.

CHAPTER I

It is in thy power, whenever thou wilt, to retire into thyself; and no where is there any place whereto a man may retire quieter and more free from politics than his own soul. Constantly then use retreat and renew thyself therein.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest: for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

GEORGE HERBERT, *Maxims*.

THE more central and vital forces of the mind of Cecil Rhodes have been made known by many writers, but there were other ideas or 'thoughts', as he would call them, working concurrently in his brain which, like induced currents of a magnetic field, were given off by the intense energy within. Amongst these were his love—it almost amounted to worship—of natural scenery in its simpler and bigger aspects, and his desire to interpret man and nature through works of art. Such thoughts and desires he revealed to few. His sensitiveness and shyness shunned the cynicism and the ignorance or indifference of those with whom the rough conditions of his life brought him in contact. W. T. Stead, to whom he did early in his life lay bare his more sacred ideals, as expressed in the early Wills, of which Stead was appointed the

trustee, says of him 'His spiritual side was a sealed book', and 'the real Rhodes dwelt apart in the sanctuary of his imagination into which the profane were never admitted'; and Stead adds, 'He had a mystic side incomprehensible to most of his friends, but it was the sphere in which he really lived'. McDonald, his companion on the veld, talks of his 'shy and solitary spirit'; and Fuller writes of a 'far-offness, a background of romance'. FitzPatrick in his brilliant records of his talks with Jameson at Groote Schuur, says that even Rhodes' dearest intimate confessed that 'no one ever knew all that was in Rhodes' mind though he talked freely—but there were silences when he seemed to rise to some higher atmosphere and no one knew what happened there'. Scully, one of the more intellectual of his mining friends at Kimberley, says in his *Reminiscences* that 'the largest part of his brain was always far away'. He had indeed 'two soul-sides; one to face the world with'. In these 'elected silences' was there some element akin to the creative spirit of the poet, which Blake defined as 'conversations with Paradise'?

Mrs. Millin, in her dramatic story of Rhodes' life, rejects all this cloud of witnesses; she calls this evidence of Stead 'absurdities'. It is no doubt the more difficult for one who did not know him to fathom the depth of a mind which even the most intimate friends have said could at times be beyond their reach. There was nothing of the strong silent

man in him, she says; he was 'always talking'. He certainly was a great talker in his ordered times and of his general interests; and these indeed were world wide. Whence else could have come his magnetic power of persuasion and the quenching of his desire for living knowledge, to which all who knew him have testified. But there were deeper currents and impulses in his mind, and the feelings which these excited in the realms of art and of nature he had a child-like shyness in revealing—I can myself bear witness—to all but the very few with whom he felt some spiritual contact. To these he would make quick response and when at home at Groote Schuur he loved to withdraw the kindred spirit from the common crowd to some sanctuary of his garden or the mountain side.

Biographies, therefore, even those written by men who were most intimate with him, have not revealed all sides of his full and complex nature. Thus to Thomas Fuller, a retired Nonconformist Minister and Liberal politician, he was in the main the hero, in the Carlyle sense, as philosopher and statesman; to Lewis Michell the banker, financier and business man; to McDonald, his companion and agent in Rhodesia, pioneer and creator of a new civilization and the chieftain, feared and beloved, of the native races; to Jourdan, his devoted secretary, master and friend. To another spoilt secretary, Le Seuer, with a valet mind, who served him only in his declining years, he was but little of a hero at all!

Edmund Garrett, the disciple of Stead and poet-journalist, with his genius for character interpretation, had indeed a deeper insight into the spiritual side of his character. He was intimate with Rhodes in South Africa, and his *Life*, had he lived to write one, would have been a masterpiece.

To Stead more than to any other did Rhodes reveal in his earlier years his innermost ideals. But Stead did not know him in South Africa, and it was a knowledge necessary to the full understanding of his nature. Jameson, in the little he wrote, expresses only his wonder 'at the sheer natural power of his mind', but loving to play the cynic hid his own innermost feelings and revealed little of those of his friend. We may indeed suspect that Rhodes did not even to Jameson, in spite of the depth of his affection, confide all his deeper thoughts, as he made him a trustee of his will only in a codicil two weeks before his death. It was my experience, which is confirmed by those who knew him better, that Jameson had little of that vital sense of the beautiful in art and nature, which animated the soul of his friend. Jameson might well have said with Browning of the effect of sunrise on two natures, 'Straight was a path of gold for him, and the need of a world of men for me'. It was a complementary friendship, the one supplying quickness of thought, humour, and insight into human nature to sharpen and put to use in a real world the intense and mystic idealism of the other.

Sympathy and understanding of other's feelings always softened the barb of Jameson's wit: you read these in his eyes; those of 'an affectionate dog, and in that there is scarcely any higher praise', as Rosebery wrote of him. These eyes told you, when he called you 'a damned fool,' that he knew how small your folly was to his own mad-cap act.

Metcalfe, another intimate, whose practical wisdom and engineering knowledge and skill were always at Rhodes' beck and call, had opinions on art widely different from those of his master-friend.

Rudyard Kipling, who first knew Rhodes in 1898, crystallized in verse his sense of the spirit of Rhodes in two lines,

Dreamer devout by vision led
Beyond our reach or guess.

Mr. Basil Williams, the writer of the best *Life of Rhodes*, did not himself know him, but fell under the spell of his personality at the House of Commons Select Committee of Inquiry into the Raid.

A generation after death the reputation of a great man tends to be at its lowest: the warmth of the public memory has cooled and the romance of past history has not brought colour to the portrait. The evil that he did may live after him; the good he did or willed to do is more easily forgotten. The material achievements are understood; but to the common mind ideals make less appeal; it cannot understand that 'Tis not what Man does which

exalts him, but what Man would do!’ Such misunderstanding exists of the reputation of Cecil Rhodes, as one can judge by negative evidence and by some books which have been written. Popular opinion, based on the easy remembrance of such catchwords as ‘Paint the map red’ and ‘Every man has his price’, falsely attributed to him, and of the outstanding tragedy of his life, the Raid, tends to rank him amongst unscrupulous financiers and politicians and as an arrogant and blatant imperialist. As a friend of Rhodes, who has often attended the scholars’ dinners at Oxford, I have been shocked by the question often first put to me by the scholars—‘Is it true that Rhodes drank?’ And so little knowledge may even Rhodes Scholars have of their founder, that they have been known to ask whether his scholarships had atoned for the sins of the rest of his life!

It would seem right, therefore, that I who knew him, as was my great privilege, should attempt to put on record what I can remember of him. I can claim no very wide intimacy, such as those who shared his labours in politics, on the mines, and in his life on the veld, but for ten years from 1892 till his death I was continuously working in his service, shared some of his counsels, and heard his philosophy of life and his thoughts on architecture, the sister arts and their relation to men and nature. I lived for some years in a little house in a wooded and watered glen on the slope of Table Mountain,

bordering on the garden of Groote Schuur. Early on many mornings, he riding at his accustomed meditative pace and I walking, we discussed, briefly with long intervals, his work on road making, house building, tree cutting and planting on the slopes of his new estate above Groote Schuur; and at his house, in which he lived during the rebuilding, I was able, thanks to his confidence and hospitality, to see a little behind the veil of the other soul-side to that which he faced the common world with.

The surroundings of his early manhood were not those with which one would easily associate knowledge and idealism in art. He migrated in his teens and spent his young manhood in a semi-tropical valley in Natal, struggling in a valiant but 'ill-fated attempt', as he wrote home, to grow cotton profitably and in the squalor of a diamond mining camp, with its mud holes, mud slides, refuse dumps, tents, and tin shanties. A new South African dorp was well described by Canon Scott-Holland, when he visited Africa, as 'looking like a grocer's shop littered on the veld'. His lodgings, too, as an undergraduate, were in a row of the ugliest houses in Oxford. But it seems certain too that, as his imagination played with the political and moral ideas, which we find expressed in his youthful Wills, so from the same source as these imaginings sprang visions into the realms of beauty and of art. It must have been on his weary treks and amongst the

hideousness of the mining camp 'leaning silently brooding against a wall', as is reported of him, or sitting on an inverted bucket scraping gravel for diamonds, that the thought came to him that his Doctrine of Ransom should apply, not only to the extension of the British Empire and the political and moral betterment of his country and of humanity, but also to man's relations to art and to nature. The thought revealed in his words, 'If it had not been my good fortune to think of these questions while looking for diamonds', had an even wider application than this reference to his achievement in preventing the northern territories falling into the hands of Foreign Powers. It was right, he said, that those, who defaced the fair face of Nature by extracting her wealth, should make due reparation by the creation of works of art and the preservation of natural beauty. The contrast of the tin shanties of Kimberley with the architectural glories of Oxford may have stimulated his conception of the doctrine, so notably established for England by Sir Christopher Wren, that 'Architecture has its political use; it establishes a nation'. He was wont to say that through art Pericles taught the lazy Athenians to believe in Empire.

. It may seem strange to connect Rhodes' life with the teaching of Ruskin, two men otherwise poles apart, but he went to Oxford when Ruskin's Inaugural Address, delivered two years before, was still ringing in the ears of the University, and only

a few months before dons and students, Milner and Toynbee amongst them, went forth at his prophetic call to build the Hinksey Road. The source of inspiration was manifest in his talk and also in his written confession of faith. Sir James McDonald tells me that he has kept a record that Rhodes, talking to George Wyndham and Lady Grey in Rhodesia said: 'Listening to Ruskin while at Oxford his lectures made a deep impression on one. One of them in which he set out the privileges and opportunities of the young men in the Empire made a forceful entry into my mind.' In this address Ruskin made an eloquent appeal to the youth of England to go forth and 'found colonies as fast and as far as she is able; . . . seizing every piece of fruitful waste land she can set her foot on and teaching her colonists that their aim is to advance the power of England by land and sea', and 'to make England a centre of peace, mistress of learning and of the arts'. Rhodes' faith, like that of Milton in 'God's Englishman', may too have been inspired by what Ruskin said in the same lecture: 'There is a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood.' . . . 'We are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour,

should be the most offending souls alive.' 'If we can get men . . . to cast themselves against cannon-mouths for love of England', he said, with a prescience fulfilled beyond the imagination even of a Ruskin or a Rhodes, colonists would be found to labour in this faith for their country and 'to gladden themselves in the brightness of her glory'.

For 'the tenor and matter' of this lecture, Ruskin was he says 'reproved by all his friends as irrelevant and ill-judged'. Yet unrepentantly he repeated it in his last series in 1884 as being 'the most pregnant and essential of all his teaching'.

Ruskin in the end of this eloquent address says: 'All I ask of you is to have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and yourselves, no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish.' In some early written 'thoughts', evidently inspired by Ruskin, Rhodes sums up the 'Instincts' of life and chooses 'creation, which from a human point of view I think the best', and adds 'work with all your soul for that instinct you deem the best'. These ideals of his were inspired not only by Ruskin's lecture but also by his favourite text of Aristotle, which may be translated as 'The utmost good of man is the virtuous activity of the soul in pursuit of the highest virtue throughout life'. These words in the beautiful Greek capital letters now gleam in a golden circle round the dome of Rhodes House at Oxford. His favourite teacher was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius whose book of *Medita-*

tions was always his mental companion. One may wonder if his father, of whom he spoke 'with admiration as a type of old-fashioned country clergyman and squire',¹ had any of the practical wisdom of that earlier clergyman of the Church of England, George Herbert, whose *Maxims* contain many of the 'thoughts' which regulated Cecil's life.

Rhodes may have been influenced by these words of the same Inaugural Lecture: 'Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding in its brightness; and means of transit and communication given to us which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe; one kingdom; but who is to be its king?'

In one generation Rhodes saw some fulfilment of Ruskin's vision in the railways and telegraphs which he built. But neither prophet nor disciple could foresee the blinding rapidity of the advance of science in the following thirty years in man's discovery of motor transport and the control of the elemental forces of the air, which have made possible the 'one kingdom', as Rhodes conceived it, of the habitable land, which stretches from south to north of the African continent. Rhodes blazed the trail, which the Imperial Airways now follows, along the line of his half-completed railway from the Cape to Cairo.

It must not be assumed that he had any intimate

¹ Lady Sarah Wilson.

knowledge of art or held any ordinary popular or technical views on the subject of aesthetics. He was as far removed, as it was possible to be, from the dilettante or connoisseur; and from the philosophy of 'art for art's sake'. Beauty was to him as to the Greeks, the evidence of high humanity in work, the flowering of work and service. He liked the big, even crude, in architecture and sculpture, and the visible efforts of man's handiwork. 'I like the big and simple, the barbaric, if you like', he would say to me. One felt the truth in the old saying: 'Nothing is classical that has not once been barbaric.' He knew little about pictures, never having given his mind to them. He left them, he would say, to the rich men with their sumptuous London houses. But he loved the one good picture in his house, a Reynolds portrait, and the two pieces of tapestry which had been in the possession of his relations.

He told us that he came out from St. Mark's at Venice rather bored with its Byzantine mosaics and sculpture, but stood long in contemplation of the Greek horses on the façade. Their romantic history, as well as their art, made their appeal to him. One is tempted to wonder if half consciously, he envied the times of the Emperor Constantine or of Napoleon, when he could have carried the bronzes off to adorn some new 'Byzantium' in his realms on the highlands of Central Africa, or his 'Paris'—which in his mind was always Capetown.

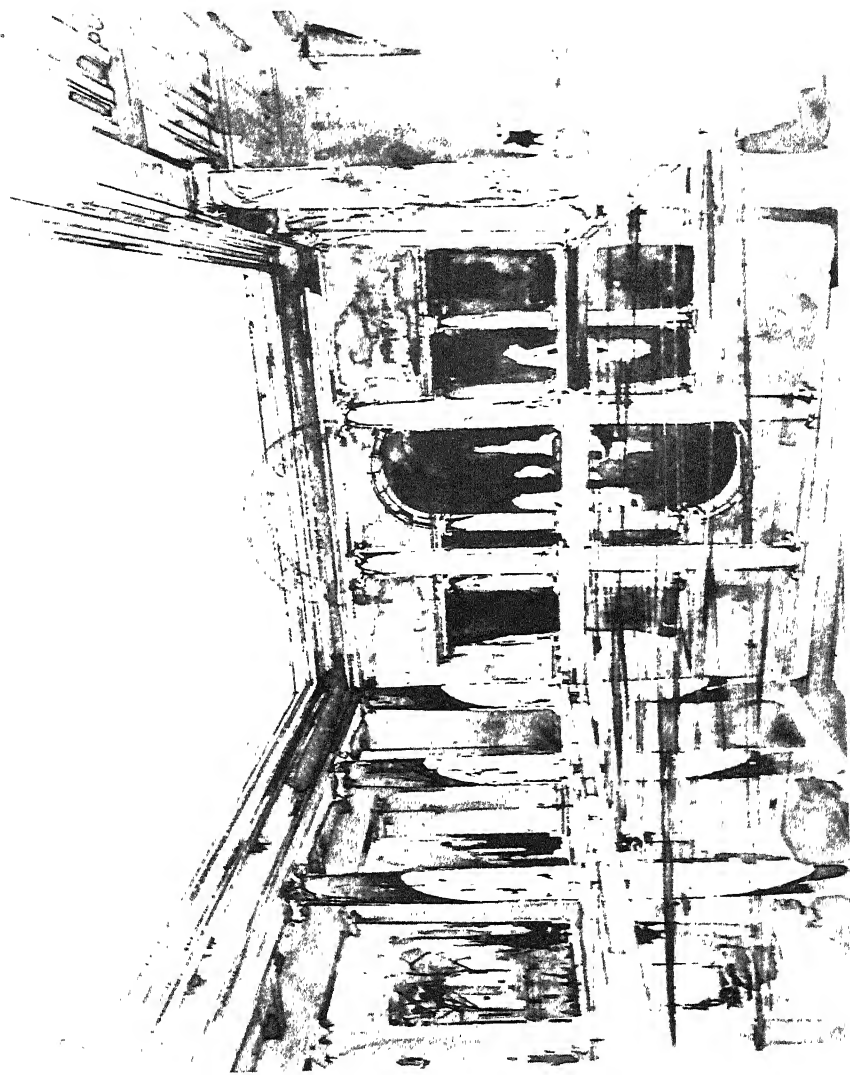
When, believing the South African War was nearly over, he thought his building instincts would have fuller scope for the glory of the Greater Federated South Africa of his dreams, he sent his architect to study 'Rome, Paestum, Agrigentum, Thebes, Athens', as he named them in his instructions to him. For this study he laid stress on the greater masterpieces of architecture and sculpture of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. He preferred the more primitive and 'barbaric' art: an art which its generation had not realized was becoming classical, when 'imperfection meant perfection hid': and before it attained the pinnacle of outward 'perfection,' from which the slide is easy into the decadence of a spiritless realism. His artistic ambitions for the adornment of his country might be compared to those of Pericles and Hadrian. Had he lived and regained his health would he have turned to shape his visions, still unrealized, and given them a local habitation and a name in architecture and sculpture? Who can tell? One can only say that, like the political architecture he contemplated, they would never have been for his selfish ambition and pleasure, but for the greater glory of his beloved South Africa, and in the words of his confession of faith, 'for the betterment of humanity'.

March 1500

I desire you to see
Rome, Paestum, Agrippa,
Thebes and Athens.
I am thinking of erecting
a mausoleum to
those who fell at the battle of
a battle and a city of
Paestum. your expense
not trifling. the
land as it is
now ~~is~~ under the

any of these thought
you will receive
the usual dividends
less for supervision
of 5 per cent

() Philes



DRAWING OF THE KIMBERLEY BATH

CHAPTER II

First meeting with Rhodes.

Groote Schuur, old house.

Restoration.

True appreciation of the arts of the old colonist.

Furniture and crafts.

Description of Groote Schuur.

Second phase of restoration.

Rebuilding after fire.

Alternative site rejected.

'Naboth's Vineyard.'

Love of landscape.

Collection of old furniture, &c.

CHAPTER II

In the mountain-meadows
By the stream, below the pines
... on her white palfrey
Her old architect beside—
There they found her in the mountains
Morn and noon and eventide.
There she sate, and watch'd the builders.
Last of all, the builders rear'd her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Church of Brou.*

MY first meeting with Cecil Rhodes was shortly after my arrival in South Africa in March 1892. He had been Prime Minister of Cape Colony for about two years. It was at a dinner at the house of Mr. Vintcent, whose sister was the charming wife of Mr. Merriman, the distinguished member of the Ministry. I sat next to her and opposite the great man, who had then begun to loom so large in the eyes of the world. I sat entranced at their talk on South Africa and world affairs, but I said little or nothing, and went away much discomfited at having proved myself so unable to make the most of this golden opportunity. Yet I was consoled the next day when I was told by Mrs. Merriman that Rhodes had asked her to tell him more about 'that silent young man'. Shortly afterwards, during an early walk below the mountain, I met him and Sauer, another member of the Ministry, returning from their morning ride on

the Flats. Rhodes had not yet begun his road on the mountain side, on which riding was then impossible. He stopped and asked me to go to his house the next morning, as he wanted 'to restore it'. He had recently bought Groote Schuur, or the Grange, as it had been renamed, at Rondebosch on the lowest fringes of the forest of native bush, and of oaks and pines which covered the slopes of the Devil's Peak, the outlying shoulder of Table Mountain, which separates the eastern-facing suburbs from the northern slopes and the coast, where the city of Capetown lies. In the early days of the Dutch East India Company under the progressive Governor, Simon van der Stel, the house had originally been built as a government granary: structural evidence of this purpose was found in our reconstruction. During the period of luxury building in the more prosperous times of the Colony towards the end of the eighteenth century, it had been converted into a dwelling-house in the architectural style so happily evolved by the Dutch and French settlers. In the next century a fire had destroyed its thatched roof and its gables; then in the practical hands of the Public Works Department, when it was leased to the British Governor, it had been covered by a low-pitched roof of Welsh slates. Very few features of the original house remained.

At this first meeting Rhodes told me that he had heard I had been studying with interest the old

colonial architecture, and so hoped I should be able to restore Groote Schuur to its original architectural character. Fortunately one of the De Smidt family, which had once owned the property, had given him a water-colour sketch of the front showing the original high-pitched roof, and the windows of the gable. Such scanty evidence, together with my knowledge of the other old houses, made it possible to rebuild the front with some degree of faithfulness to its original form and type. The columns of its covered stoep had fortunately not been destroyed. A 'stoep' attached to these old houses, as in Holland, was only a raised and paved terrace in front of the house. In but few of the old Cape houses had such a terrace been covered with a flat roof or a vine pergola; additions no doubt introduced from the East and admirably suited to South African conditions.

In these early meetings, before I knew him better, I was surprised that such a man, the chairman of great business corporations, should give me no details or defined instructions of what he wanted. He just gave me in few words his idea—his 'thoughts'—and trusted me to do the rest. It was a surprising trust given to one so young and so little known to him. I was fortunate indeed to experience so early in life the great truth that a work of art, or indeed a great work of any sort, is best produced, not under the restraints of criticism, but under the stimulating influence of trust

and encouragement. He soon went off north to Mashonaland and, when he returned after the conquest of Matabeleland, he found the new front part of the house completed. I felt he was pleased with it, though characteristically he did not say so. His approval was inferred from his enthusiasm to go on with the work. We were soon deep in discussions of plans for restoring the rest of the old house and adding the long stoep at the back, and a new block for the kitchens and servants. Eventually, a wing was added containing a billiard-room below and his own bedroom above, with its large bay window facing the mountain.

The problem of house building and furnishing, so new to one whose life had been spent under the rough conditions of farm, veld, and mine, then began to be of absorbing interest to him. He quickly seized upon and put to use his artistic faith, 'The big and simple, barbaric if you like'; and 'I like teak and whitewash', he would say. He abhorred the small and the mean and any commercial things made with the machine and not with hands and brain. He had an instinct and the right feeling for personal craftsmanship and good honest material. He told me to tear out from the work I had already done all deal joinery that had to be painted, and to replace it by teak. This timber had been chiefly used by the old colonists. They had used South African woods chiefly for rough carpentry, the floors and beams of ceilings

and roofs, and some rarer harder kinds for furniture; but they had quickly squandered their forests of indigenous timber and soon had to resort to the importation of teak from Java for the needs of house building.

I had also to replace all imported ironmongery, the things he hated, such as hinges and metal work for doors and windows—even the screws in those places where they could be seen; and craftsmen had to be found and taught to hammer in iron or cast in brass and bronze, as in the golden days of the crafts before the hostile influences of machinery.

The second phase of the restoration and building was a difficult one for architect and builder, as he lived and entertained in the house during the operations. The inconvenience and discomfort mattered little to him. Though very considerate for the welfare, comfort, and ease of his guests, he gave no thought for his own comfort. At first he slept in a small room at the back, part of an old slate quarter, and we could only induce him to have a bedroom in the new wing of the house by persuading him, through abuse and chaff, that this outbuilding, as seen from his new back stoep, spoilt the view of the mountain. When this was removed we built the terraced garden up to the old stone-pines, which we had discovered hidden in jungled undergrowth. These pines with their red-brown stems and the intricate network of under-boughs

peculiar to stone-pines, framed and threw back into the distance the wooded and flowery slopes and grey cliffs of the mountain, as the dark pines, which Turner so loved in his foregrounds, give scale and tone to the distances of his Italian landscapes.

In his building activities and resourcefulness he had some resemblance to President Jefferson of Virginia. The one under compulsion after the revolutionary war had stopped the importation of building materials from England to America, and the other, on aesthetic principle, improvised and created a local school of craftsmanship and the development of local materials. Each, too, had an instinct for the type of building suited to their country with its climate, warmer and brighter than that of their homeland, and each by encouragement and example initiated a national style of architecture for their country.

He was smitten at first sight with a plain old wardrobe made of stinkwood, a South African wood, smelling only when cut in the forest; its colours of gold and brown darken by age almost to a Coromandel ebony. I found it in a pawnbroker's shop in Capetown and bought it for £12. He then and there wrote a cheque, with which he asked me to buy as much more as I could of the same kind. This was the beginning of his collection of old South African colonial furniture. He always brought a big point of view to bear on all

new problems, when he put his mind to them. He had, I think, an inherently true, though perhaps crude and primitive, taste—a searching for the truth—and could quickly distinguish the good from the bad when both were put before him. But at first when acting on his own impulse and bad advice he made mistakes. He once brought out from England a mass of ‘antique’ furniture faked for the most part, but this on my advice and the chaff of his friends, he one by one cheerfully consigned to ‘the kitchen’. They just disappeared, the ‘kitchen’ being only the assumed repository of all rejected things. All rooms for his servants, native or otherwise, were in simple and solid ways as well fitted and furnished as the rest of the house. He would make no such domestic distinction.

His friends and the public were at first inclined to laugh at him for building and furnishing his house in the manner of those of the old Cape colonists; some even said that in reviving the forgotten arts of the Dutch he was currying the favour of their politicians. Merriman even, his most cultured friend, asked me why I did not build him a ‘fine Tudor house’. But to the few to whom he confided his ideas on such matters there could be no doubt as to his genuine sincerity and idealism. He was impelled, I am convinced, by a deeper feeling of sympathy for the history of the early settlers and of respect for their achievements in civilization, in contrast to his dislike of the

Victorian art and industrial materialism of his age. The encouragement he gave to the revival of the arts was prompted as much by the sense of benefit to South Africa as by the pleasure that it gave to himself or to those he entertained with so much hospitality. Did he not too by inspiring a renaissance of their early arts and culture call forth the self-respect of the Dutch people, as also by his friendly collaboration with Hofmeyr and the Bond he helped them to develop their political consciousness?

At that time the building crafts of the Colony were not of a high order. Cheap sea freights and scarcity of skilled labour encouraged the importation of everything ready-made from Europe. The building industry was under the influence of the merchants and retailers. I had found in commencing my practice in Capetown that to produce an 'indent' seemed the chief function of an architect. Accustomed by my home training to make details of all parts of the building for craftsmen to execute, I had never heard of this strange paper instrument for importing everything all ready cast or machine-made. It was due to Rhodes' example and encouragement that a new order began. A few good workmen were found in Capetown and many imported from England and Scotland to make the joinery and furniture. An enterprising young builder, A. B. Reid, rose to his opportunity. The brass and bronze metal work, such a feature of the

heavy doors, shutters, and panelled shutters of the old houses, were made for Groote Schuur and for all his buildings by a man, Ness by name, whom we found in an engineer's workshop. He became a skilled craftsman in wrought iron, copper, and cast brass and bronze. He went to Johannesburg after Rhodes' death, where he was in great demand to perfect with his skill and labour the growth of architecture there. He neglected his finances and his health, but never his craft. At a dinner given to the honour of architecture in Johannesburg in 1927 he, being thoughtfully invited, smartened himself up for the rare occasion, and when praised in some words of mine for the great work he had done for the crafts since his first work at Groote Schuur, he said to those at his table, 'Now I can die happy';—and he went away and died in a week's time! The tale of this hero as craftsman is worth recording here as one small illustration of the far-reaching influence of the magnetism of Cecil Rhodes.

Of the chief features of the house the stoep, valued for the outdoor life in that climate, at the front entrance belonged to the original house; the new one at the back was made wider and it stretched the whole length of the house. It became in day-time and fine weather the chief 'living-room' of the house. On its black and white checkered marble floor were several old kists, the ship chests of the settlers made with single planks of teak or

of a reddy-brown Ceylon wood, and bound and studded with pierced and engraved brass locks, plates, and hinges.

The new living-rooms had ceilings of solid teak beams and the walls of some of them were covered in plain panelling. Teak was used for the same reason that the early colonists used it, on account of the scarcity of indigenous timbers, which could not be obtained in sufficient quantity. It became by tradition the South African hardwood. The walls and ceilings of the other rooms were simply plastered and whitewashed, forming a good setting for the broad surfaces and curves of the architectural features and furniture.

The wardrobes, chairs, tables, bureaux, &c., were mostly old pieces, some brought out or imported by the early Dutch settlers or by the Huguenot refugees, but more often made by them in South Africa out of local or eastern timber. The early craftsmen followed the beautiful but over-elaborate rococo curves in wood and metal common to the style of the period in Holland, which followed that of Louis XIV and XV in France. But they were forced by the limitations of labour and the hard materials or by the severe test of a sea voyage, of land transit and of climate into simpler and less exuberant detail of design. They developed, it may be said, a style of their own, which admirably harmonized with the character of the colonial farm-house. It was well suited to

Rhodes' taste. It was not possible to obtain old furniture for every purpose and so for the larger tables, beds, washstands, tables and chairs for the stoeps and for the kitchen, and many other things, he had new furniture made by the craftsmen we collected together. The timber most used was stinkwood. His own bedroom furniture was made of Brazilian rosewood; that in another was all of a Rhodesian reddish wood, called Matabele teak, used then for such a purpose for the first time. A glass cabinet was made in black ebony. Amongst his old things he particularly delighted in some chairs and benches, made by Boer hunters, in the distant Bushveld out of reach of civilization, of hard wood pinned and inlaid with dates and initials in bone or ivory.

I bought for him from the Grahams family, which had settled in South Africa and were descendants of the Duke of Montrose, an early Buhl bureau of inlaid white metal, ebony, and tortoiseshell. It was of exceptional simplicity of design and colour without the extravagance usual in French furniture of that period and style, which Rhodes would not have tolerated. The type of ornate Buhl furniture was for the magnate in Park Lane, he would say.

He refused the advice of some friends to buy pictures and furniture, saying that, like horse-racing, it was what any rich man could do, and that with the money he could build so many miles

of railway or telegraph to develop 'the North'. He valued most those things that had South African interest; especially the engraved Dutch glass, Pokaals or loving cups, and the Chinese and Japanese porcelain which had been brought to the Cape by the merchants of the old Dutch and English East India Companies. Their houses were always served with oriental porcelain and not with European Delf. He was never, however, a mere collector or connoisseur; beauty not rarity was his test of value. He liked most of his possessions to be used and took pleasure in leisure hours in seeing that each piece had its own purpose and place in his house. As his knowledge grew, he would interest himself in architectural detail. I remember him stopping to discuss the mouldings of the front door, when the carriage was waiting to take him to his office. It was a few days before the Raid, but he showed none of the impatience that was evident in his companion, Alfred Beit.

Rhodes did not see this first house completely finished, as it was burnt down while he was in the north a year after the Raid. How philosophically he took the loss of the house and of the treasures, which were irreplaceable, is well illustrated by the well-known story of his relief on being told that the bad news, reported to him, was only the destruction of his house and not the illness of Jameson. He lived in its blackened skeleton on his way home to attend the Raid inquiry in London.

The attractive alternative of rebuilding the house on a higher site, which commanded the distant view and had the better air, was then carefully weighed by us all. There was much to be said in favour of this proposal, but sentiment, which was always uppermost in him, for the site of the old home and garden won the day. Perhaps his friends and his architect would have weighed the practical benefits more heavily against this sentiment had they—and he—realized that during the last years of his life his health would make it difficult for him to sleep at Groote Schuur in the summer on account of the relaxing air. The Cape Peninsula, on the latitude of 34 and at sea-level, would have an enervating summer climate, but for the persistent south-east trade wind, well called the 'Cape Doctor'. It blows regularly during the summer months over the sea surf and seems to charge the air with some health-giving property, popularly spoken of as 'ozone' but perhaps more scientifically described as due to minute particles of iodine salts.

This wind could not find its way to Groote Schuur on account of dense and damp woods to windward. I can myself testify to the enervating effect of the damp and still air in these woods, as for this reason I had to leave my own cottage there. Trees, too, below his house obscured the view over the Cape flats to the distant mountains of the interior plateau, a view dear to him beyond price and enjoyed by all his neighbours. The offending trees

were on an estate bordering close up to Groote Schuur on two sides. He could not buy the land as the entail of the property could not be broken. Thus though he had bought the whole mountain side, he alone of those who lived there could not from his house enjoy the view of the distant mountains and the refreshing breeze. One of my first jobs was to survey the trees on this estate, and when I told him that, by cutting down a few trees, he would let in more air to the house and open out the view across the flats, he said to me, 'That is all right'. I thought he meant that he had made provision to buy this Naboth's vineyard, when the entail lapsed. The Government bought the property after his death, and Groote Schuur now, as bequeathed by Rhodes' will, is the home of the Prime Minister. Yet gratitude for the magnificent gift to the nation has not yet prompted its Government to do that which the giver so longed to do for the perfection of that which he gave. The air of Groote Schuur was found to be heavy and stuffy by others, especially those who came down from the dry and light-aired high-veld; amongst these was General Botha, the first Prime Minister to live there.

Love of the vast landscape of Africa was a vital factor in Rhodes' life. He would hurry off any one who, he felt, would share his feeling, from business or even from their meals to see the mountain. On one occasion he led the Governor away

from his office to look at Table Mountain for the purpose of enlarging the outlook of his thoughts; 'We broaden', he would say at the Cape, 'because we are always looking at the mountain.' I remember his first meeting with Escombe, the Prime Minister of Natal, on his memorable visit of reconciliation with the Government of Cape Colony. It was in the early morning and Escombe was at once taken off to see the hydrangeas and the mountain. It was Rhodes' *sursum corda* to the Olympian heights of thought. But from his house he could see only the mountain behind; he had to climb up above his garden to see the distant view.

As the original house had suffered from alterations in many periods and had been built in the primitive days of the colony with poor material, which in the piecemeal and often hasty processes of restoration it had been impossible altogether to remove, the opportunity of rebuilding it from the foundations in a more solid manner and in fire-proof materials was some compensation for the tragedy of the fire and the loss of valuable furniture. If the fire was caused by an incendiary, he wrought otherwise than he thought. Through the complete rebuilding Rhodes was able to bequeath a more enduring and indestructible home for the Prime Ministers of Federated South Africa.

In order to help him to make wider search for old furniture I recommended him to employ the late A. L. Collie, an expert of sure taste and

instinct. He came to South Africa, lived in the house, and was most successful in his discovery of old things in highways and by-ways; priceless things often unknown and unprized in the lofts and outhouses of farms, or hidden in paint in labourers' shanties.

Rhodes was persuaded by Collie that the drawing-room should be in the style of a Dutch house of Holland of an earlier period, rather than of a Cape *voor-huis*. Collie employed a young English architect to design the panelling of this room in a style smaller in scale and more elaborate in detail than the rest of the house. Collie otherwise gave infinite care and showed refined taste in furnishing the house, before it was burnt down. Afterwards ambition prompted him to interfere and control beyond the scope of his professional appointment. As a result he lost Rhodes' confidence, and had to leave his service, to his great grief and my regret.

Rhodes would naturally have rejoiced to think that his friend, Jameson—the Raider—should have lived at Groote Schuur as Prime Minister of Cape Colony. But he would, I believe, not have been displeased in thinking that when, on the formation of the Union of South Africa, it became the home of the Prime Minister of the Union, it would be three Dutch South Africans who first dwelt there. Surely Groote Schuur and the aura of its *genus loci* can have no small influence in the consummation of Rhodes' ideals for the future of South Africa?



GROOTE SCHUUR: LOOKING DOWN

The photograph does not show the distant mountain ranges

CHAPTER III

Sculpture.

Gilbert.

Tweed.

His own statue.

Matoppo War Memorial.

His estate of Groote Schuur.

Landscape gardening.

The garden.

Feudal ownership of land.

Welgelegen.

Woolsack.

Artistic interpretation of nature.

Lion House.

University on Table Mountain.

Kimberley 'Bath'.

Architect's visit to Greece and Italy.

Schools at Athens and Rome.

Architectural ambition for South Africa and
Capetown.

CHAPTER 111

Architecture has its political Use; publick Buildings being the Ornament of a Country; it establishes a Nation, draws People and Commerce; make the People love their native Country, which Passion is the Original of all great Actions in the Common-wealth. The Emulation of the Cities of Greece was the true Cause of their Greatness.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, *Parentalia*.

SCULPTURE as well as architecture had already entered into his thoughts. To give historical significance to the architecture of Groote Schuur, which no doubt he even then intended to leave in his will to the nation, we proposed as a subject for a panel in the centre gable of the front façade 'The Landing of Van Riebeeck in Table Bay'. The statue of the first Dutch Governor stood as a symbol of the beginning of European civilization and government in South Africa. John Tweed, then a young Scotch sculptor, since to become famous, was chosen. He modelled this bronze panel in full relief, and also the large statue, a gift of Rhodes to Capetown, of Van Riebeeck which now stands by the sea near the historical site of his landing-place at the foot of the principal street of Capetown. This leads up to the oak avenue, a remaining record of the first gardens planted by the Dutch; so it is sacred in the tradition of the city. The vista is now a jazz of poles and wires, and we must shut our eyes to dream of a beauty it may yet possess;

the terminal sea and mountain can never show 'a shadow of man's ravage—save his own'.

After Rhodes' death the Memorial Committee and the people of Capetown decreed that a statue of Rhodes should be placed at the foot of this avenue facing down to Van Riebeeck on the fore-shore. This statue still remains to-day on the temporary site first found for it, hidden away in the Botanical Gardens. There is a certain significance in its place there near the statue of Sir George Grey, who too, it may be said, attempted with undue haste to federate a British South Africa. Yet it is to be hoped that a more grateful generation in the days to come, remembering how Rhodes loved Capetown, will move his statue to its decreed and rightful place.

For the memorial on the Matoppos mountains to Wilson and his men who fell in the Matabele War, Rhodes first went to Alfred Gilbert, R.A., then considered the first sculptor of the day. He told us that he impressed on the sculptor his sense of the 'grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos', which demanded the utmost strength and simplicity in expression. But Gilbert, he said, made a sketch model, which he thought too elaborate in design and small in scale; 'something like the Tower of Pisa', were his words. Eventually Rhodes had to tell him that, as he failed to realize the bigness of his conception, he must go to another sculptor. The select world of artists at the time voted Rhodes

a Philistine; but time has justified his opinion, for it is now recognized that the genius of Gilbert lay in delicate and refined modelling and not in monumental sculpture. On the opening of the Queen Alexandra Memorial in June 1932, *The Times* Art Critic, voicing with general approval the now accepted opinion, described Sir Alfred Gilbert as the 'Modern Cellini'. Cellini, the great silversmith and modeller in the smaller range of sculptural scale, would himself have shuddered at the Matoppos, as he tells so graphically in his autobiography of his abhorrence and terror he felt of the wild scenery of the Alps, as he journeyed through from Italy to France. It was Tweed who was then commissioned by Rhodes to model the four great bronze reliefs now built into the memorial in the Matoppos.

Rhodes spent much of his time, as he acquired the land bit by bit, on the slopes of the mountain. It was difficult to walk through its tangled undergrowth, and as he said on the first day I met him there, 'I have bought all this, but I don't possess it'. Like R. L. Stevenson, fighting the sensitive plant at Vailima, he enjoyed the work of cutting out the jungle. He discovered, freed, and thinned the best trees separately and in groups: cut out views and planned his long road which was to lead from Capetown along the eastern forests at a high level up to Constantia Nek, the pass over to the western foothills, which slope down to the Atlantic

shore. Massive gates he built, some of teak and some of an indigenous wood called sneezewood, like teak white-ant proof, and said to be indestructible. He laid out much grassland below with a newly found sweet grass, leaving the silver-trees—quivering white and bright in the wind—the foil to the rich colours of the protea bushes, heather, and all the famed Cape flowers in abundant spaces above.

The views he opened and made popular went far to justify his saying, which he truly believed and firmly asserted, that the mountain, whether one looked up to it or away from it, was the 'most beautiful mountain in the world'. From the mountain side in the early morning, when he rode there, you would see the flats covered by a white mist, which the tops of the umbrella-shaped stone-pines often studded with islands of emerald; and beyond the ring of the mainland mountains appeared deep cobalt and clear cut in the purity of the Cape air against the rising sun, which above made 'the cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold'.

No better words than those of Shakespeare could paint the colour of the Cape mountain top, when lit by the first rays of the sun rising over the inland mountains. The rays from the low setting sun burnishes the mountain tops first with gold which, in a moment, as the sun dips into the sea, turns to flaming crimson. Kipling's 'opal and ash



TABLE MOUNTAIN
FROM GROOTE SCHUUR GARDEN

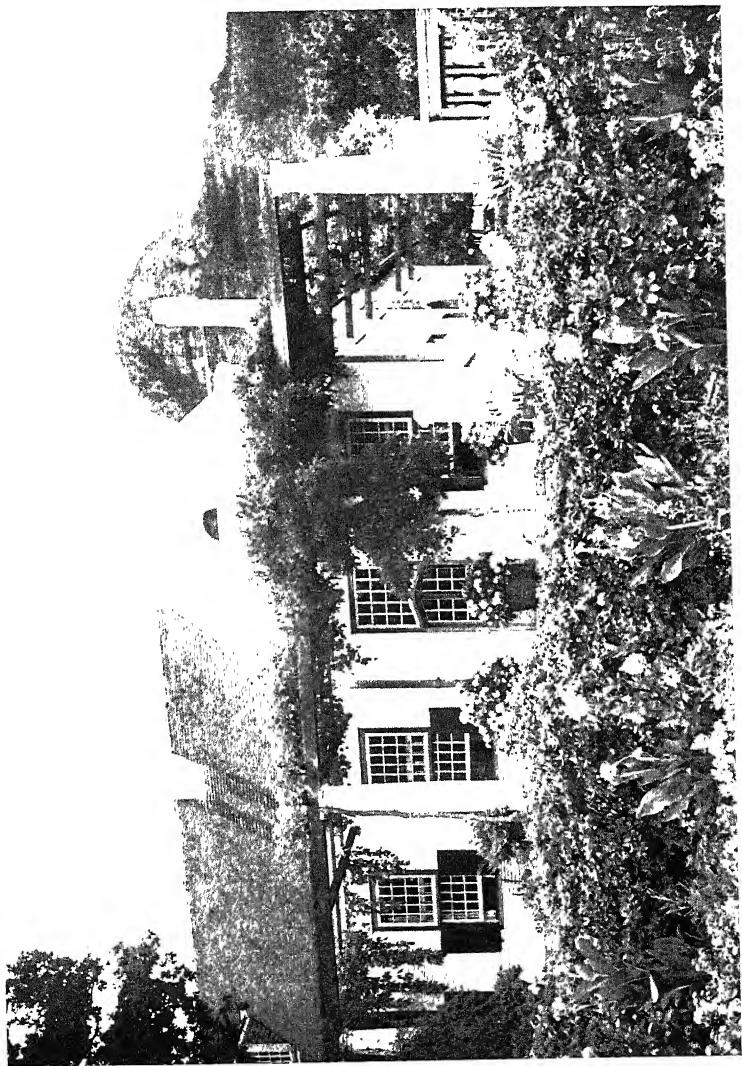
of roses' paints the more delicate colours of the mountain tops, when lit by the rising and setting sun in the higher altitudes of the Karoo.

He was intensely jealous of this beauty of the mountain side, and once when the Forest Department built an ugly forester's hut amongst the beautiful silver-trees on the skyline of the mountain, he had it pulled down and rebuilt out of sight at his own expense: a rare instance of the combination of the sense of natural beauty with the power and the means to enforce respect for it. May the Union Government, who have now the power and the means, remember the love of the mountain which inspired him, who gave all its beauty into their trust for the enjoyment of the people of South Africa. The evidence of some buildings that have been built and the foundations of a large hospital on one of the most beautiful folds of the mountain crowned with a forest of pines, causes apprehension that the Government and the people of South Africa may have forgotten the full significance of Rhodes' munificent gift. That to them successively through the ages the mountain might be, as it was to himself, a joy and an inspiration, he bought and bequeathed the estate to the nation, so that no buildings, except the University, should be built amongst its grass-, flower-, and woodlands. Thus he fondly hoped the preservation of their beauty would be ensured for all time.

On the lower slopes he restored an old Dutch

lusthuis, or summer-house, with its attendant high-backed curved plaster seats and garden laid out in the stately manner by an early Dutch Governor. He showed respect for three cemeteries of the Dutch families of the old homesteads, which he found buried in the jungle, by enclosing them with walls. One of these belonged to the Hofmeyr family and another to that of Mostert; a third may have been a burial-place of slaves. His respect for the dead is better known by the honour he did to the old Matabele chieftain, Mosilikatze, in restoring his defiled tomb in its granite cave in the Matoppos.

The activities of Rhodes in gardening and planting suffered often by the defects of his qualities, his 'foible of size'. The absence of a sense of scale may be as dangerous in a garden as in all art. Life for him could seldom be perfect in small measures and he had not learnt the lesson necessary for a gardener that 'in small proportions we just beauty see'. Thus the blue 'lake'—as it seemed deep-set in the shadow of the glen—of hydrangeas, the flowers of which, in the iron water of a stream and under the shade of high vaulted trees, mellow slowly through the live-long summer months from pure cobalt-blue first to a green-blue and then to a golden-green, could not be so successfully grown by the acre on the drier hill-side in the glare of the bleaching sun. Nor could human energy and wealth make the trees of his mile-long avenues



WELGELEGEN
AND ITS VINE PERGOLA

always thrive in unsuitable soils or unprotected when young from the scorching winds. His long avenue at Bulawayo has suffered too from the initial failure to loosen the rocky subsoil.

But improvising as his will dictated, often without any expert advice, he did a great work on his mountain estate. He had less scholarly training, but the same instincts and imperious ways as Chatham in laying out the grounds at Hagley and Chevening. In his attitude towards his possessions he had much in common with Sir Walter Scott, of whom John Buchan says, 'He had the sound feudal notion that property was a trust, involving more duties than rights'; and again he quotes Scott as saying, 'Round the house there is a set of walks set apart for the ladies, but over the rest of my land any one can walk as he pleases. I please myself with the reflection that many people of taste may be indulging their fancy in these grounds.' Except that in Rhodes' case there were no ladies to use the private walks—his very garden up to the stoep itself was free to the public—these might have indeed been his very words. He said to Michell 'the place belongs as much to the public as to me'. But he had his beloved mountain side to himself in the early mornings, as Scott no doubt had his in the wind and rain which he loved.

Of the building projects he conceived for the mountain side two were completed. In both he built anew on the site of old ruined Dutch houses,

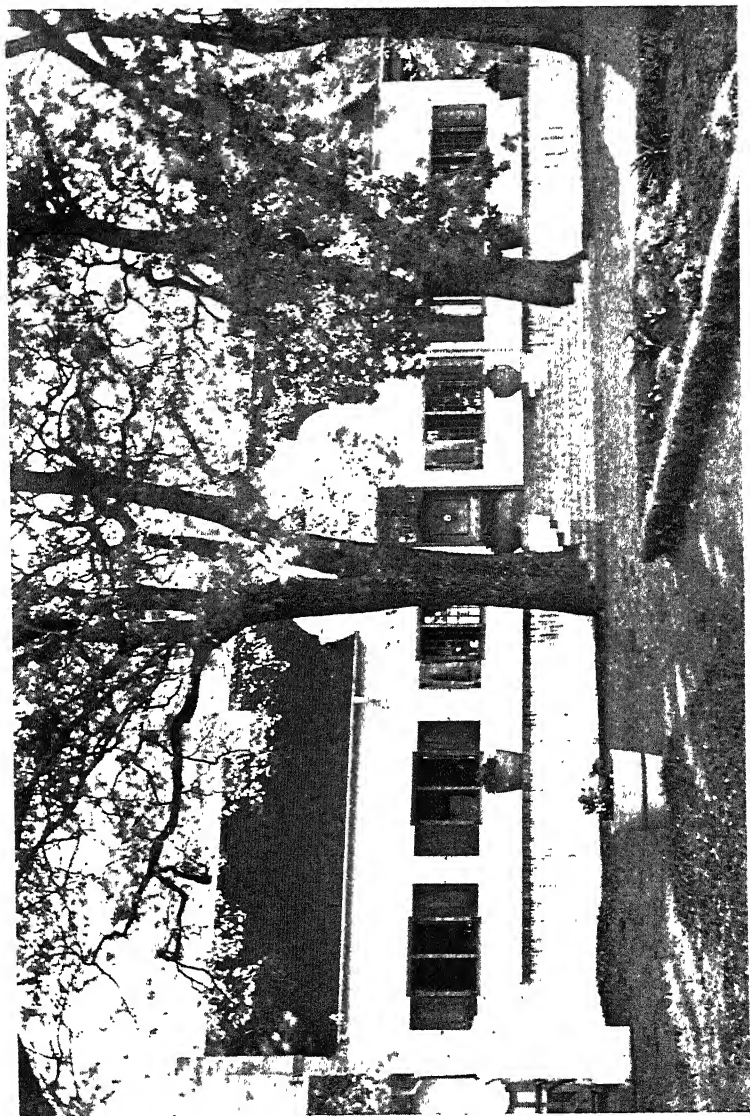
and the motive of each was characteristic of him. Welgelegen he rebuilt for Mr. and Mrs. Currey and their daughters, as a gift for the lifetime of them all. Mr. Currey had for many years been manager of a land company, which was hostile to Rhodes' interests at Kimberley; and his son, once his secretary, had become a political opponent. But it was not in Rhodes' nature to bear petty malice, and he had retained his friendship for Mrs. Currey and her family, the Christians, Eastern Province settlers for whom he had great respect. When he discussed this house with me, revealing his sentiment for once, he said: 'I cannot forget that in the early days of Kimberley, when I was friendless, Mrs. Currey always asked me to spend Christmas at her house.' Welgelegen, once the home of the Mostert family, was on a beautiful site shaded by big oaks, which overhung a vine-pergola stoep and terraced garden, and framed a view of the distant plains and mountains—the view denied to his own home.

The Woolsack had been a smaller house and was higher up the slope on the fringe of the forest land. It had been renamed by the family of Wools-Sampson, the chivalrous V.C. hero of the South African War. He told me it was to be a 'cottage in the woods for poets and artists', whom he wanted to attract to the Cape. 'If they live in beautiful surroundings', he said, 'they will be better inspired to interpret through their art the beauty

and grandeur of the country.' The rooms of the Woolsack were built round an open atrium, a plan which, in spite of the heavy winter rains on the side of the mountain, has stood the test of the South African climate. My only instructions in this case were 'not to be mean', which implied that, though he called it 'a cottage', I was to spare no expense in making the small house strong and beautiful. It too had in front of its steep old oak-trees, which with their checkered shadows softened the glare of the whitewashed walls. Both houses were furnished by him with old furniture or with new furniture of South African wood made by local craftsmen. When the Woolsack was nearing completion, he said to me that he had told Rudyard Kipling that he could come out every year and 'hang up his hat there'. This the Kiplings did for many Cape summers. But it is devoutly to be hoped that in the years to come Rhodes' enlightened and generous purpose may inspire the Government and people of South Africa to fulfil the spiritual, as well as the legal, obligation of their Trust. He felt so intensely the beauty of nature that he yearned for its expression through the genius of all the Muses. Fuller records how Sir George Martin, the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, was carried off by Rhodes from Groote Schuur, leaving the other guests at lunch, to see the 'glorious panorama' from the mountain. 'I want artists to paint it', he said, 'but they cannot get its enormous

expanse. Now I want you to put it into music at St. Paul's.' He did so; not for Rhodes' living ear, indeed, but for those of his mourners in the memorial service under the great dome. Cecil Rhodes has made the people of South Africa his heirs; are they not bound to honour this tribute to the mountain, which he loved, and to make this house, as he wished it to be, a centre for the development and inspiration of the artistic consciousness of the South African people?

Two building projects occupied much of his mind during his early rides. One was a lion house, the climax of the great parkland of South African wild animals living at ease in semi-freedom in their natural surroundings. He made, too, a futile attempt to naturalize British singing birds, but took too great a risk with the climate and no doubt the vermin and snakes with which the Cape woods abound; amid such enemies it may not be safe to sing! The lion house was planned to be a spacious and beautiful building: a Paestum temple was in his mind where the king of beasts would be admired in his natural strength and dignity. The old Roman in him pictured the beauty of lions moving through great columns, and he was quite unperturbed, when warned of the sanguinary fights which would ensue. The plans did not go far. The lion-house idea receded into the background of his mind, or took shape only as a smaller cage-building. I believe he would have conceived a more



THE STOEP OF THE WOOLSACK

inspiring purpose for expressing the artistic need he felt of some great colonnaded temple, like those of Agrigentum or Segesta as set on the hills of Sicily, to give human scale and interpretation to the beauty of the mountain and its vast and infinite views. But this in his lifetime never became more than a 'thought'. It was indeed given a 'local habitation and a name' in the monument which has been built there as his Memorial. Eight bronze lions now guard the stepped platform to the temple, which enshrines his memory.

His other great project was a Residential University, which he intended should be such a beautiful building amongst the sublime surroundings of Table Mountain with its forests, flowers, and wild game, and even singing birds as he then fondly hoped. It would thus be so richly endowed by art and nature that, as he said to me, 'they must all come, Dutch and English, East and West, North and South, and get to know and like each other'. He had been greatly impressed, he said in a speech in 1891, by the good sectional and race feeling amongst the students at Grey College, Bloemfontein; and so 'the young men who will attend my University will make the Union of South Africa safe in the future. Nothing will overcome the associations and aspirations they will form under the shadow of Table Mountain.'

He, at that time, wanted me to go home and measure his old College, Oriel, at Oxford; but

some one else was employed. He would have realized, I feel sure from my knowledge of the working of his mind, as the idea unfolded itself, that the Gothic or Tudor architecture of Oriel would in many essential details be unsuited to the climate of South Africa, and to its site and setting on the slopes of the mountain. But in his habit of concentration on the essence of an idea, it was the quad system of Oxford which he had mostly in mind. 'The young South African wants locking up', he would say with his verbal abruptness, by which he meant that he needed discipline. I reminded him that the chapel was the central feature of an Oxford College, and he replied that there were to be two chapels, one Dutch and one English, on either side of a great quadrangle.

He proposed to build the University mainly out of profits—about £10,000 a year—of the Kaffir Compound System of De Beers Diamond Mines. It is said that he intended that the Government of Cape Colony should give its financial support; so it is probable that the longer vision of the Oxford Scholarships was then being conceived in his mind, as his own gift to posterity. These profits by an agreement with the shopkeepers of Kimberley had to be used for public purposes. He used to repeat jokingly that 'he meant to build the University out of the Kaffir's stomach'. His idea characteristically was to start building it without any committee. A committee he knew meant compromise and

delay. He said to me, 'You must get the foundations in without saying anything about it, and the Chief Justice will have to come and laugh'. The Chief Justice, then Sir Henry de Villiers, by right of his great place and of his widely acknowledged wisdom, would have been the inevitable chairman of such a deliberative committee. When I asked some time later why he did not proceed with the University, he merely murmured the one word 'Neethling'. The Rev. Mr. Neethling was the head of the Stellenbosch College, and Rhodes meant that he had to defer to the susceptibilities of Dutch sentiment, which was opposed to the union of the colleges into one great University at Capetown. Twenty years later a similar opposition was offered to Botha and Smuts against building a university endowed by Wernher and Beit in furtherance of Rhodes' conception. But at last, after compromise with Stellenbosch, it has been built on the mountain side bequeathed by him to the Government of South Africa. The site chosen is not that which he discussed with me, and which I surveyed for him. That was farther from his own house, and the present buildings with their ground and terraces encroach on the parkland which he laid out at the back of Groote Schuur. The Prime Minister is the loser, but the University the gainer no doubt; and those who work there will the more fully enjoy all that he himself loved so dearly. His conception of building a Dutch and English

chapel on either side of the quad has not been realized.

While in durance at Kimberley during the siege he had occupied himself with thinking out a monument to the siege, and a fountain temple or 'bath', as he called it. The Greeks and Romans, reverencing and protecting water in dry climates, would have named it a 'Nymphaeum', or a temple sacred to the guardian Goddess of the Fountain. It was planned to fit a garden, which he had planted during the siege, and irrigated by waste water pumped from underground springs in a mine. The marble temple amidst pools of lilies and papyrus, like the 'Fountain Arethuse' at Syracuse, was designed as a focus to the brilliancy of the gay garden of cannas and as a framework of white columns to the vista through long avenue of oranges, backed by red-flowering eucalyptus-trees; and beyond to the illimitable desert. This love for the great spaces of the desert or the veld was deep in him, and he had the true instinct of the creative artist to interpret its human significance and to express its beauty through the medium of art. It was his Doctrine of Ransom as applied to art and nature. Plans and estimates were made. White marble from Mount Pentelicus was to be used, a marble superior to that of Carrara; it used to blush a golden hue on the Acropolis, but in smoky post-war Athens umber tints tend to surplant the gold. While I was in Athens, I visited the quarry, then lately reopened,

and obtained tenders for the masonry. When I asked him on my return to South Africa why he did not go on with the work, he merely growled 'Meyer'. This hostility of some of the European directors of the De Beers Company, but more, I think, the dragging on of the war and his failing health, prevented the realization of one of his less known, but more idealistic and characteristic building schemes.

Mrs. Millin in her *Life of Rhodes*, in referring to this Kimberley 'Bath', writes 'of the sublimity and the folly of the idea'. Folly to reverence and enshrine water in a dry land! Was it folly of the Greeks and the Romans and many eastern people in their sacred fountains; and, with less need, of the builders of our northern holy wells! The first thought after victory of the conqueror Babar who, as empire-builder and passionate lover of natural and garden beauty on the big scale, had some spiritual affinity with Rhodes, was to build templed water-gardens at Kabul and Agra; and from these the famous Moghul gardens of India and Kashmir derive their origin. But Rhodes' 'sunny pleasure-dome and sinuous rills' were not, like those of Kubla Khan and of the Moghul Emperors, for selfish pleasures only, but for the enjoyment of the people of Kimberley and for visitors who sought the health, which he had himself gained there in its hot dry and dusty climate. 'I made me pools of water'; but with such motives it would surely not have been,

as in 'the words of the Preacher the son of David', all 'vanity and vexation of spirit!'

When I went on my travels in Egypt and Europe I took full advantage of his generosity to study the great masterpieces, which I knew appealed most to his instinct for the bigger form of expression in architecture and sculpture, and kept always in mind the use to which I hoped he would put my knowledge. For the Nymphaeum in the Siege Garden I studied the buildings characterized by Ionic grace; and for the Lion-temple on Table Mountain the immutable power expressed in the buildings of Thebes and Karmac, and the heavy Doric of the Grecian temples. Near Rome a tomb on the crest of the Alban hills had struck him on his travels; he had thought of it as an idea for the Kimberley War Memorial. It consisted, I found, of a high plain stone podium; on this were ruined masses which I was able to reconstruct on paper as four great cones. These cones represented the metae, the turning-points and goals of the Roman circus, and on a monument became symbols of victory. He read into the design I made, with two rugged cones on such a base as had appealed to him in the ruined monument, the goal of the War, then, he thought, in sight, and the union of two equal races on the enduring foundation of South African federation within the Empire. But he thought the cones, which he visualized by their likeness to the conical tower at Zimbabwe, would

have been more appropriate to the desert than to the cross-roads of a town. In the monument, which we eventually erected, a four-square columned tetrastyle temple stands on a tall podium somewhat after the manner of a Greek tomb which he had seen and I had sketched, at Agrigentum.

Lord Cromer, whom I was privileged to meet at Cairo, said to me, 'I suppose you will go and see the Pyramids. I think of them as the most stupendous work of human folly; while', he added with a smile, 'my dam at Assouan is one of the greatest works of human wisdom'. This is as Rhodes too would have thought of the economy of power in building. No human ingenuity could devise a form as ineffective in proportion to its mass as the upward-tapering polished pyramid; the same amount of masonry would have built walls, towers, and domes innumerable, to embody some vast artistic conception.

In Athens I appreciated the kindness and assistance of the British School established there; and Rhodes, when I told him, was grateful and realized the value of such an institution to South Africans, and to all our colonial students of art. We discussed the importance of establishing a similar school in Rome comparable to the great French school at the Villa Medici. I believe he would have given his whole-hearted support to the present British School in Rome, which was founded shortly after his death. He realized the even greater importance

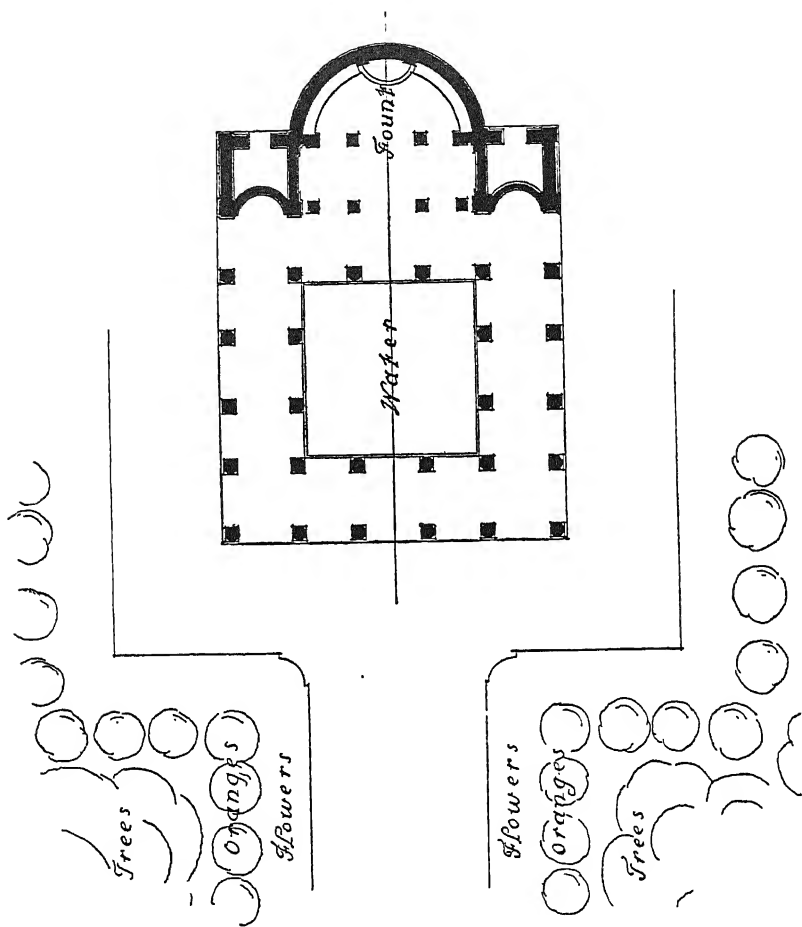
of the direct study of the arts of Greece and Italy to art students from the brighter climates of the countries of the Empire, than to those of Great Britain with its northern climate and nearness to classical masterpieces. An architectural scholarship for South Africans to this School was established in remembrance and gratitude for his foresight and generosity to his architect.

It is my belief that he had other architectural schemes, perhaps at the time 'airy nothings' of his imagination, which might have been turned to shape and use had he lived for the reconstruction of the country when peace ended the war. Deep in his heart was a simple and sublime belief that Capetown, the bigger Capetown of his vision embracing all the flat land from Table Bay to False Bay, overlooked by the mountain and its forest slopes, most of which he had bought and bequeathed to the nation, was one of the most beautiful places on earth. It was his ambition to make it a capital worthy of the future greatness of united South Africa. 'Civic Pride built Rome', he told the citizens of Capetown. 'They must work together to make it a city worthy of the beauty with which it has been endowed by nature.'

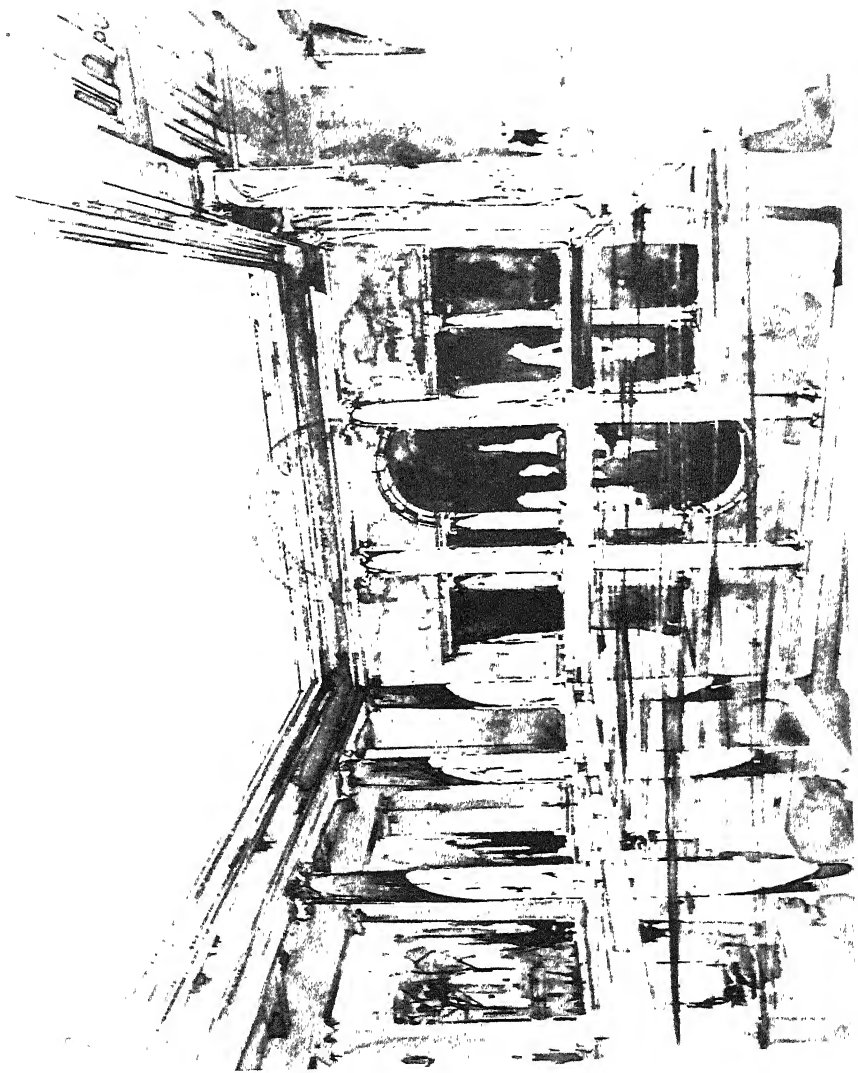
On his first morning after his return from the siege of Kimberley I went with him along the new road which he had made on the mountain side. It was a beautiful morning, the flats a sea of mist, and the sun rising over the mountains, far beyond

which the war still raged. After gazing and musing silently for a time, he said to me, 'This will be all one country now; we must make this its beautiful capital'. It was on a similar occasion that he told me to instruct Pickstone, the manager of his fruit farms, 'to go and make tiles'—a difficult, as clay had to be found, and costly experiment in those days—with the intention of encouraging the use of tile roofs throughout the peninsula in the place of the disfiguring corrugated iron and Welsh slate roofs then prevailing.

But as Lord Milner said, when Rhodes died, all hope of making Capetown the capital of the federation vanished with her greatest lover and benefactor. The more vital energy of both races had gone to the high veld, and so Pretoria now divides with Capetown the honour of the capital. As the administrative centre, Pretoria has had the lion's share of the architectural honour.



PLAN OF THE KIMBERLEY 'BATH'



DRAWING OF THE KIMBERLEY BAITI

CHAPTER IV

Ruskin on the influence of man's handiwork on natural scenery.

Rhodes' love of Cape homesteads and interest in horticulture.

Vine and fruit pests.

Pickstone, the horticulturalist.

Rhodes Fruit Farms.

Rhodes' prescience.

Managers and mixing of races.

Love of the land.

Preservation of old homesteads.

Madame Koopmans and archaeology.

Coloured labourers.

Garden villages.

His own cottage on the farm.

Ideals for home-building.

His precept followed in the Transvaal houses; and in Government buildings.

His Muizenberg cottage.

Later economical phase.

CHAPTER IV

No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich in joyful human labour; smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead, ringing with voices of vivid existence.

RUSKIN.

This Cape is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, from Hakluyt, 1st edition

RUSKIN pictured in his imagination a beloved scene in the mountains of Switzerland transported to 'some aboriginal forest in the New Continent' and felt in his inner being that its beauty would seem to vanish there without the villages, fields, and pastures of their valleys and foothills of their Alps. Rhodes must have absorbed this sentiment amongst all that he learnt from Ruskin, and no doubt it inspired his cry for 'more homes, more homes'. It conveys a truth which is felt by lovers of the mountains of Europe, who sojourn long enough in the new countries for time to wear off the first sense of enjoyment in raw rugged nature, as a contrast from the over-civilization of the old countries. The gift of the beauty of man's handiwork and control over nature in the wide valleys of the Drakenstein mountains, where, as buttresses to the high plateaux of the Karoo and high-veld they 'break down', like Parnassus and Helicon, 'in cliffs to the sea' and the plains, was the great

achievement of the Dutch colonists, with the help of the farming skill and industry of the Huguenot refugees from France and Piedmont, and under the encouragement and example of the Dutch Governors, Simon van der Stel and his son, William Adrian.

Rhodes admired the beauty of these homesteads and farms, as he admired the architecture of their houses. The land in the valleys was not suited to agriculture. The wine industry through neglectful husbandry and that fatal vine disease, phylloxera, had sunk to a low level, and could not compete even in the African market with the vintages of Europe. The alternative produce of the prolific vineyards, cheap brandy, 'Cape smoke' as it was called, was harmful to the community. The few deciduous fruit trees in their orchards were of a very poor quality, and were usually grown on undrained and uncultivated ground. The art of 'dry farming' had not been learnt. In 1892 the dorthesia, an aphid pest of Australian origin, had eaten the orange-trees to the ground. Black stumps shocked my first sight of the famous groves, which were once the pride of the Cape gardens. The disease was quickly cured by the importation of a few ladybirds, brought via California from their Australian home of origin, and bred and distributed through the country. This was one of the romances of entomological science applied to horticulture. The work was due to the support of

Rhodes and the active work of his friend Rudd. In a year or two the pest disappeared, and enough aphids could not even be found to feed its voracious enemy.

Rhodes inherited from his yeoman forefathers—he would say ‘my ancestor was a keeper of cows’—an observant eye for the land, and was quick to lead a movement for reforming and developing the fruit-growing industry. It so chanced at the opportune moment that a young Englishman named Pickstone landed in South Africa. It was two weeks after my own arrival, so that I followed his career from the beginning. His father having failed over some experimental silk manufacture, the son enlisted in the South African mounted troop, ‘Methuen’s Horse’. At the completion of his service he had sought work and adventure in North America. He worked his way to the Californian fruit farms, where moving on from farm to farm he gained the widest knowledge of the industry. The conviction came to him that what was being done in California could be done as well in South Africa, with the additional advantage that from the southern hemisphere fresh fruit could be put on the European winter and spring markets. He saved enough money to pay his passage to Capetown, where he arrived with little more than the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. This was the man and the story to make a quick appeal to Rhodes, and with the help of Merriman he bought

a farm and set him up with capital in partnership with a Dutchman, Van Reenen, who had some advanced ideas of scientific horticulture, for the benefit of his local experience. My brother Lionel joined them, our father supplied some of the capital. The collaboration soon broke down owing to the incompatibility of character between Pickstone and Van Reenen; but the indomitable spirit of Pickstone rose superior to failure and he successfully built up, from a beginning on the humblest of resources, a nursery of young fruit trees started with Californian stock and grafts. The nursery was a success, as the fruit industry grew rapidly, owing largely to his courageous faith, precepts, and example. Rhodes, too, having the same faith in the future of the industry, conceived the idea of what is now the Rhodes Fruit Farms. He told Pickstone to buy up the 'whole Drakenstein Valley', the land settled by the Huguenot refugees; Pickstone, aghast, said that would cost 'a million'. But he was told to go ahead and he bought a large number of farms in this and the neighbouring districts of Stellenbosch and Wellington. 'The foible of size' was here justified, as both realized, with their gift of the long view, that farming on a big scale was necessary to force the essential organization of transport and cold storage by the railway officials and the shipping companies without which it would have been impossible to establish the market in Europe. Many of the managers

were imported from Californian fruit farms; a few came from England and there were some Afrikaners. The foremen were mostly sons of the soil and of the race of the Dutch and French settlers. Such were the romantic beginnings of what is now the great deciduous and citrus fruit-growing industry of South Africa.

Pickstone's spirit of independence induced him to refuse to throw his own farm and nursery business into the Rhodes Fruit Farm Company, in addition to accepting the appointment as manager. Rhodes, after all that had happened, was deeply hurt by the refusal, but Jameson, who acted as intermediary for Rhodes, admitted that Pickstone was influenced by the honest belief that he could be of more value to the industry in a position of independence, especially in his zealous advocacy of co-operation.

Rhodes' active interests covered all farming and all South Africa. Besides the fruit industry he initiated improvements in horse, cattle, and, to compensate for the ravages of horse-sickness, donkey and mule breeding. Sweet pasture grasses, one species of which he himself discovered in Rhodesia, he used to say were of more importance to South Africa 'than all their politics'. His insight into farming was shown by his just warning to Merri-man, when he bought the beautiful old homestead, Schoongezicht, as a fruit farm, that his previous criticism of the laziness and incapacity of the Cape

farmers would prove to be in large measure ill founded. 'He won't find it so easy as he thinks', he said; and he did not. Rhodes had that instinctive love of the land which, as Milner once said, was a sure way to the hearts of the Dutch people. He knew too, as did Milner also, that the racial question was intensified by the want of sympathy between the townsmen and the farmers, and that racial peace depended on mixing the British with the Dutch upon the land in the south, as he indeed welcomed the Dutch settlers to the new territories of his North.

Rhodes as usual had more than his commercial interests, or even the racial and political issues, in his mind. He wished not only to preserve the beauty that had been planted in these valleys by the early colonists, but also to increase in the mountain valleys the area that was 'smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet and frequent in homestead'. He instructed Pickstone to give a preference in his purchases to the more beautiful and stately of the old homesteads, provided the land was suitable for fruit growing. Where possible he did not disturb the Afrikaner owners who were prepared to stay and work. These old houses and stately gardens throughout the country were fast falling into decay. The owners had in some cases built anew in all the vulgarity of modern fashion, or at least were replacing the thatched roofs with corrugated iron. The great charm of

these houses consists in their warm brown mole-skin hued thatch, which flashes no reflection of light to the eye—the bane of bad roofing material—and forms a restful setting to the soft-moulded curves of the whitewashed gables and walls. By his example and support of the very few, who saw and cared for the beauty of these homesteads, he turned South African opinion from ignorance and callousness to the national esteem in which they are now held. The turn came too late, alas, to save Stellenbosch and the Paarl, towns once famous for their streets of stately houses.

A Dutch lady, Madame Koopmans-de-Wet, almost alone at that time amongst Dutch South Africans, had a reverence and affection for the ancestral art of her people. It was inspired more by a national love and pride than a pure artistic sense, for her drawing-room, where she received her visitors, was tinged with Victorian taste. Rhodes had a great respect for her, but as they did not often meet on account first of political suspicion, and later of more intense differences, I was often the medium between them in questions of art and archaeology. She knew that a request to Rhodes was of more avail than her direct appeal to her own compatriots. Their joint influence was at that time exerted to prevent destruction of old buildings in Capetown and in the country districts. Their joint protest saved the old teak-columned stoep in the Castle. The help of Rhodes was invoked even in

Stellenbosch itself, once the pride of the Dutch people. When the old armoury buildings there were threatened with destruction, she asked me to appeal to Rhodes to stay the hands of the destroyers. To my suggestion that she had more influence over her own country-people in Stellenbosch than Rhodes, she replied that they would not listen to her on such questions. She had preserved her old house in Strand Street, Capetown, an oasis in a commercial desert. There she lived in proud disdain of her discordant and noisy surroundings, cherishing all the old things of her ancestors, a dignified old lady with charm and courtesy, in lace cap and black gown—such as might have stepped out of a canvas of Rembrandt or Frans Hals.

Rhodes was much concerned at the state of decadence of the coloured population, Hottentot and European bastards, the descendants of the slaves. They were so different from the healthy barbarism of the natives, whom he knew and loved. I remember, on the day he first walked over his land at Groote Schuur with me, how he shuddered, on passing some debased specimens, and said 'They are hardly human'. The part payment of wages in wine, a prevailing evil custom amongst the farmers, was stopped and cottages were built on the newly acquired farms to take the place of their one- or two-roomed hovels. On the estate of Languedoc in a beautiful valley, near Pneil, where there was an old-established Mission Station, he laid out an

orderly planned village. He told me to design and Pickstone to build thereon a hundred or more houses, a church, a school, and a house for the pastor, the masterful Reineke, feared and loved by the coloured folk. No drink was allowed in the village and men found with it were liable to expulsion. This village now with its native Anglican parson is still in being.

Rhodes had previously laid out and built a 'garden city', as we now call it, at Kimberley, in which he gave the white miners good houses, avenues, gardens, a swimming-bath, and much that compensated them for their desert surroundings. It was under his influence that the dynamite and chemical factory founded by the De Beers Company near Capetown was built and laid out with architectural dignity. He was in advance of his age in the art of garden cities in South Africa.

Though he loved spending a week-end amidst his farms, he would not own or build an extravagant house for himself. But he commissioned me to design, and Pickstone to build, a cottage which he challenged us to make a record of simplicity and cheapness. Though it was indeed a bare-walled, bare-boarded little building, very different from the two houses he built for his friends, and in one case an official enemy, on his Groote Schuur estate, he was quite content with it. It was in the same spirit that he built the circular thatched mud huts, or 'rondhavel's', as they are called in South

Africa, as a home for himself on the farm near the Matoppos, watered by the monster dam he had caused to be made there.

He had a strong sense of the importance of building homes or guest-houses and of entertaining the sick and weary from up country, as well as visitors from overseas. On the sea voyage home, which I took with him in 1900, he talked much and frequently, as was his habit with an all possessive thought of the time, of the duty, of those in positions of power and wealth, to build beautiful houses and gardens, as a means of hospitality. Thus, he would say, our visitors may escape the ugly surroundings and evil communications of hotels and boarding-houses, where the failures and discontented were apt to congregate; whereas in beautiful homes and surroundings they would see and hear the best of the country. Affection, he argued, would thus grow for the new land. He had chiefly in his mind then a house for the Director of his Gold Field Company at Johannesburg. Such a house was built after his death by Sir Drummond Chaplin on the ridge, terrace-gardened, overlooking the Sachsenwald forest of pines and eucalyptus-trees, and the distant Magaliesberg ranges. With the same hospitable intentions Rhodes had previously built a 'sanatorium' at Kimberley for visitors and consumptive convalescents.

As a proof of his foresight it may be recorded that in my knowledge two distinguished English

visitors, a writer, Galsworthy, and a scientist, have recently told me that, when they visited South Africa, they liked Capetown, but disliked Johannesburg. Each admitted that they had stayed in beautiful surroundings at the Cape, but in hotels in the glaring and dusty town of Johannesburg. Neither saw, or at least enjoyed in the charm of the low sun and the clear and cool high veld air, the beautiful homes of the Johannesburg suburbs. These, recent visitors have said, are now a garden, or rather a forest, city of a beauty surprising to those who knew of old the treeless rocky kopjes of the Witwatersrand.

Rhodes' ideal and example of house building and hospitality have been followed in Kenya Colony, where the need, as he would have deemed it, was great. The policy of the Governor, though school building was his first thought, has been criticized, but it surely had the benediction of the spirit of Cecil Rhodes.

It was the influence of the precept and example of Rhodes upon the rich men, who settled down in the Transvaal after the war, together with the encouragement given by Lord Milner, that inspired the great period of house and home building, and of garden and tree planting in the suburbs of Johannesburg and of Pretoria and elsewhere in the new colonies. There was enthusiasm amongst the men and an ardent rivalry amongst their wives. They laboured to make their gardens beautiful in

spite of the difficulties imposed by nature, a rocky soil, a rainless winter and spring, frost and heat and hail, and the heavy cost of water. The full stream of encouragement given to architecture in the founding of the new hill-built capital at Pretoria, under General Botha's generous and enlightened government, during Lord Selborne's Governor-Generalship, can be traced back to the same pure spring of inspiration in the mind of Cecil Rhodes. Can we trace the spring yet further back to Ruskin's Oxford lecture, brooded over as the aloof miner 'leant silently against a wall' in the ugly mining camp of Kimberley?

His secretary, Le Seuer, tells that, looking from the huts of his Matoppos farm at the lights of Bulawayo he would say: 'Look at that! all homes; and all the result of an idle dream.' The poet-creator had there indeed given 'to airy nothings a local habitation and a name'.

During his last year, when his health was failing and he could not sleep in the windless air in the tree-girt Groote Schuur, he lived mostly at Muizenberg in a wretched little cottage low down on a beautiful site, which he had bought on the sea-shore under the mountain. He planned a house for himself there on a great high terrace-wall, designed so that from the house and stoep the public road would be hidden, and there would be seen through white columns the fullest sweep of blue sea and rhythm of white surf, and the two far-off

mountain promontories which shelter the entrance to False Bay. He built the wall but stopped all work upon the house, owing to the unselfish phase of economy, which possessed him during the last year of his life, bred of his desire to save all he could for his Oxford Scholarships. During all the years I had previously worked for him he had always called me 'mean', because I would not spend enough. I had no knowledge of his wealth, which was beyond my experience or imagination: and he had never spoken of money or business of any kind to me. But in this last phase I became 'damned expensive', if I designed in the same liberal scale he had before desired. Sir Abe Bailey afterwards built the present house, Rust en Vrede, above the Rhodes wall, according to the general design of the house which I had planned for Rhodes. He entertains there with the same liberal and generous hospitality, as the friend in whose steps it has been the ambition of his life to follow.

CHAPTER V

Personal traits.

Hospitality.

Talk.

Magnetism.

Generosity.

Sobriety.

Morality.

Attitude to women.

Cape Parliament clean.

Human instruments.

Demanded workers, not loafers.

Administrator or developer.

Creator.

Foible of size.

Love of native races.

Glen Grey Act.

Barbaric state of native territories
before European occupation.

Harcourt's sarcasm.

CHAPTER V

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

Antony and Cleopatra.

RHODES was 'given to hospitality', for which he had a natural gift. People of all conditions and degrees were welcomed at his table, and he would with tact and sympathy put the uncouth, the unkempt, and the unexpected at their ease. He would think out, as his method of talk was, those of his own thoughts most suited to each person in his company and, dismissing gossip and small talk, would lead the conversation by plunging directly and frankly into deep issues. The subjects were world-wide, but amongst them all-prevailing were the development of the land and the people of Cape Colony and of his 'dominant North'.

He had the skill of making each person think his own subject and point of view of the greatest importance. I have frequently heard men go away from his table saying that they had had the talk of their lives, and were ready to go back to their work on farm or frontier through years of lonely and arduous work in his service. Weston Jarvis in his *Reminiscences* records how a soldier pioneer, Spreckley, said to him that Rhodes, by talking out

his mind to him, 'always made me feel such a devilish clever fellow'. He liked people to talk of their special work or interests; with him 'shop' could always be made interesting. For this reason, he told us, he refused to dine at a military mess because talking on military matters, even the great campaigns of history in which he took interest, in those days before the South African War, was not considered good form. He disliked the lack of interest or affectation of boredom of young men with the common events of the day and the sights around them.

His conversation would often seem to consist of simple enough platitudes: he reiterated and hammered them in, 'rubbing them into jewels', as has been said: but it was often to the boredom of the less imaginative and more habitual guests. I can confirm what all his biographers have said, that in some ways he retained some of the characteristics of a child. Is it not a characteristic of great men! 'Any schoolboy could have thought of that', Trevelyan says of Marlborough's tactics at the battle of Ramillies, 'but it took a master-genius to carry it to victory.' So too has it been quoted of Foch, 'As the greatest always are, in their simplicity divine'.

By day he talked but little; and he liked the monosyllabic answer. Words were then to him but symbols of ideas; some became catchwords, which were misunderstood and misrepresented. But he would let himself go freely at dinner or at lunch

on holidays. He would sit at the dinner-table, cleared mahogany with its rare glass and Delf, often up to ten o'clock when absorbed in talk. He would suddenly break off and steal away to bed. It was later on his doctor's advice that he took to billiards, and later still to bridge.

He was shy of saying good-night or good-bye; shy too of the outward show of welcome. When Frank Rhodes returned after the triumphal expedition to Kenya and Uganda, of which Cecil was as proud as he was, they met first one early morning at Groote Schuur. Rhodes had himself occupied Matabeleland meanwhile. Instead of the expected outstretched hands of welcome, Frank was hurried off to 'come and see this horrid wall-paper Baker has put up'. So his impatience to talk of his own and Cecil's achievements, which crowned his brother's ambition in the south and the north, had to be curbed while we made the decision to have nothing but 'whitewash' on the walls. It was never Rhodes' way to 'let virtue seek remuneration for the thing it was'.

With his hospitality he could combine frankness to his political enemies as well as to his friends. When Middelberg, the General Manager of the Netherland Railway Company in the Transvaal, the representative of the hostile European opposition to his scheme of railway extension in South Africa, was lunching with him one day at Groote Schuur, he said to us who had been listening to

their frank and animated talk, 'Is it not a wonderful thing, here we are two men, who of all others are most opposed to each other in South Africa, yet we are quite friendly together. It is only like a game of chess!' Rhodes by his rash play lost the next move. But it was his rashness which tempted his opponents to still more arrogant moves by which in the end they lost the game.

Rhodes had immense power of persuasion, the magnetism of personality and the gift of inspiring those who worked with him with his own idealism. He won over opponents, 'No, not squared', he would say, anticipating the cynic, 'but on the personal.' Sidney Low, a London editor, at first a hostile critic, says of him, 'he was always the biggest man in the room and at a meeting in spite of crude speech and inferior attainments, he had the most compelling fluency he had ever heard; his personality inspired by a great faith was the secret of his power'.

His influences on young men were remarkable. Grogan, who was the first man to walk along the magic path of the Rhodes dream that stretched from Cape to Cairo—and for whose book he wrote a preface, his one and only effort in literature—said to me: 'I am one of the thousands of young men who, but for Rhodes' influence, would be walking up and down Piccadilly thinking of their collars.' Very high stiff collars were worn about that time! His call came at a vital moment for the

youth of England, when their inherent spirit of adventure was dormant for lack of inspiration and example. Of his influence over older men Albert Grey bore witness, when he said that 'he knew men whose characters had been entirely changed by Cecil Rhodes; men who administered as a public trust the fortunes, which but for his influence, they would have spent upon themselves'.

While he fully used his influence as a wealthy host to inspire his guests with his ideals, I never knew him debase them to boom his financial interests. I often heard him say at his table that the Chartered Company's shares were far above their intrinsic value; that the public were attracted by the sentiment of creating a new country; and that all he could say of the new territories was that 'they were not a Rand, but only highly mineralized'. Was it not a fair estimate, as time has proved? The wealth of copper and base metals there may yet rival that of the Transvaal's gold!

His hatred of the slightest meanness was well illustrated at his famous luncheon to two hundred back-veld sheep farmers, who had come to Cape-town on a deputation to oppose his Bill for compulsory washing of scab-infected sheep. To the inherited fatalism of the South African farmers, who for generations had seen their flocks and crops destroyed by drought, hail, and disease, this Bill stirred a dread of an impious resistance to the act of God. Before the lunch his trusted steward,

thinking that few of these Boers had tasted good wine, if ever any wine at all, asked him if he should not put out some of his less costly wines. Rhodes turned on him angrily, 'No, give them of my best'. He could have said with Hamlet, changing the word 'deserve', 'Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they possess 'the more merit in your bounty'. Both McDonald and Dr. Sauer tell us of his invariable kindness and generosity to broken-down pioneers whom he met on his treks; and Sauer records how Rhodes, meeting the most disreputable looking tramp munching the crust he had begged, invited him to share his own meal. Any unfortunate, he says, was always the better for meeting Rhodes in his travels. It was not the rare French vintages, but the personal appeal which won these simple back-veld farmers over to the support of the Scab Bill. One of those present at this lunch party picked up a stone from the gravel path to take back to his Karoo farm, as a memento of meeting Cecil Rhodes. When Rhodes heard of it, he gave him a much prized old silver snuff-box out of his collection.

Strangers always received some welcome to his house, but when they came in battalions, or he was very busy, his secretary disposed of them. Occasionally in his absence Rhodes got me to play the part of secretary, and I remember sending a stream of callers up the mountain 'to see the lions', the popular attraction intended by him to force atten-

tion to the grandeur of the mountain and its view. But he would come out afterwards, when his work was done, to welcome the hot and heterogeneous crowd of descending pilgrims. He got so accustomed to generous response to demands for money that, in his haste sometimes he gave cheques to those who did not want them. One bewildered man, I remember, showing me a large cheque, explained that he had asked Rhodes for his advice about starting a horse-breeding farm which he himself was prepared to finance; but Rhodes, stale to demands for charity and too impatient to listen to his story, had forced the cheque upon him.

Like most actively busy men, he hated unpunctuality. Any dirt or untidiness in his house, the refuse of smokers especially, irritated him. We bought a number of the beautiful old brass cuspidors, or spittoons, which the cleanly Dutch housewives placed on their polished red-tiled floors. Rhodes would often shame his guests by rising and transferring their messes to the spittoon. His travelling companions say he would always search, however tired he might be, for an outspan of virgin veld unsoiled by the litter of other travellers.

I was often daily and both early and late at his house during the last ten years of his life when he was at the Cape, I am able to add my strong evidence to refute the accusation made against him of insobriety. Edmund Garrett, a most fearless critic, who was neither blind to nor would fail to

rebuke his faults, has said of his life at Capetown that 'It would be hard for a man of the active world to plan out a more strenuous, temperate, almost abstemious life than that of Cecil Rhodes in his prime'. And no one could disbelieve the naïve and honest testimony of his secretary, Jourdan. He indeed himself despised the character of the voluptuary. Dr. Hans Sauer, who knew him intimately for twenty years up country and on trek, says, 'He lived a most abstemious and regular life, and always disliked loose talk'. He used to eat and drink, it is true, with an absent-minded carelessness, swallowing food as he 'swallowed continents', as was said of his sandwich and porter luncheons at the Raid trial. The courses were few and the food simple for a rich man's table in those days. His only special likings that I can remember were for the wild asparagus that grew on the mountain and for marrow bones. When tired at dinner he might drink strange mixtures of stout and champagne, but in moderation; and he took little after dinner. Doctors have said that with his diseased heart he could not have lived at all, if he had not been abstemious. Begbie in his *A Last Word* records that Grey tells how, when Rhodes returned with a flushed face from standing for too long a time to Watts for his portrait, he was rebuked by Dr. Jameson for having given him some alcoholic drink, when he had in fact had nothing to drink in Mrs. Watts' simple home but coffee.

The same accusation of insobriety, be it remembered, has been made against the religious ascetic, General Gordon. This was Kitchener's forcible answer, when asked if it were true: 'It is said of Gordon, and it has been said of myself; I know all the facts and . . . it's a damned lie.' Gordon inured himself to the drinking of bad water without spirits, and yet escaped the enteric diseases, which in the African wild were so fatal to Europeans.

The stay-at-home critic must apply a different standard to the pioneer in the untamed regions of the world, where pure water, vegetables, fruit, and milk are scarce or unobtainable. He is there forced into a natural and, in moderation, a healthy desire, such as all native races have, for some form of fermented liquor. Albert Grey said in a speech at the Rand Club at Johannesburg that whereas before the war, as he remembered, he had found them all drinking whisky and talking of mining, now, their Uitlander and pioneer days having given place to those of building up homes as citizens, he noticed they were drinking soda water and talking of farming.

The best disproof of late deep drinking is early clear thinking. I can only speak of his habits at the Cape, where he was up before sunrise and, after coffee in the stoep, would ride for two or three hours and longer on holidays, when he had not to go to his office. McDonald, who used to trek with him in Rhodesia, says that after a cold

bath at dawn he would ride till 9 or 10 o'clock, even after his health began to fail, or often till past midday in the heat before returning to breakfast with his famished and grumbling companions. He would tire out his young men too on long shooting expeditions. Some allowance must be made for a man, who had lost both his health and the illusion of success, becoming petulant and letting himself down sometimes in the dullness and discomforts of the Rhodesian wilderness, as recorded by one of his secretaries, who himself was unsteadfast amidst temptation with an over-indulgent master.

I can corroborate, too, the statement of others that he never tolerated small-minded, loose, or coarse talk. Inconsiderate and even ruthless he may have been at times in his impatience to those who through incompetence, over-scrupulousness, narrow-mindedness, or factious opposition, as he thought, failed or thwarted him in following the spirit of the Quest! The bad habit no doubt grew upon him in his last years. Of his two 'soul sides' one was so high in air that 'the one to face the world with' had need to be weighed with some earthly cynicism. He was not 'too full of the milk of human kindness' to prevent his 'catching the nearest way'. He responded to human sympathy, as General Booth thought; but he was shy to meet it and steeled himself to be independent of it. His kindnesses have been recorded in many touching instances and his biographers and all who knew

him can bear witness. If he had loved and nursed his friend, Pickering, less long and devotedly in his last illness, leaving telegrams unopened for days, he might perhaps, as FitzPatrick and Dr. Hans Sauer have told us, have owned half the Rand and multiplied his fortune many times.

There have been vague hints too of other immoralities; yet it is remarkable that there was, as Stead has said and Garrett, who knew him in South Africa, confirms, no scandal about women connected with Rhodes' name. I certainly never heard of any. It is recorded that he ignored the attractions of female society at Kimberley. As a wealthy bachelor he was no doubt much sought after by women; his avoidance of them gave him the name of woman hater. But he enjoyed the company of those who interested him and could share his ideas. I remember on a voyage his reply to the chaff he got for his attentions to a lady given to good works, whom the ship's company voted a bore. 'I like her: she has ideas.' To old ladies he would show the greatest courtesy. He disliked his best pioneers marrying, before the new country was fit for civilized women; it meant the loss of his best men, as often happened, or submitting women and children to hardships and the dangers to health of a pioneer life; or the evils of separation. When the veteran hunter, Selous, brought out his beautiful young bride, Rhodes took her aside after dinner, and gave her the kindest fatherly advice about the difficulties

she would experience in her life on the frontier. How clear he was of any evil in connexion with the pestering attentions of the intriguer, the Princess Radzivil, has been clearly proved by his biographers. Lord Salisbury, Rhodes told us, had given her an introduction to him; and had told him that, as a hostess at the Berlin Conference, this could not have been refused. I can testify to the efforts he made to keep her at a distance, and to avoid being alone in her presence. When he returned to South Africa against his doctor's orders, he went deliberately to his death in order to clear his character from her charges. These were subsequently proved to be false at her trial, when she was found guilty of forgery and sentenced to eighteen months penal servitude.

The Government of Cape Colony at that time, as the critical Garrett has recorded, was clean. Its Parliament certainly attained to a high standard worthy of its mother Parliament. The best men were attracted to politics. The ever present racial problems no doubt supplied a stimulant and romance, but Rhodes' example and inspiration could not be resisted.

There was no doubt some justification in the accusation against him in regard to his choice of human instruments. When we think of his early life on farm, veld, and mine, it seems natural that he should have chosen men who had been tested in the same fire of experience as himself; men who

were not 'tender feet' or 'new chums', but who knew and could stand the hard and strange natural conditions of South Africa; men who had learned to think for themselves and act quickly. It was his saying that it took five years to get used to South Africa, five to like it, and another five to know much about it. It is true he thought little about irrelevant faults of character so long as men worked hard, were experienced, courageous and were loyal to him: 'And above all', he said, 'work is not enough in itself; we want men who will inspire others to work.' This was a conviction no doubt which inspired for his Oxford Scholarships the test of selection, in which character and leadership combine with the active powers of body and mind. 'There is something against every one. I must take men as I find them', he would say. When Lady Lugard, then Flora Shaw, ventured, as she told me, to remonstrate with him as to the choice of men around him, he blushed in answering, 'Have I done nothing!' I think Lady Lugard in her life of Rhodes in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* exaggerated the evil qualities of his 'satellites and instruments'. Of one whose character was most criticized, and whose faults Rhodes would with a brutal frankness admit, Rutherford Harris, the chief of Rhodes' 'Jackalls', as his enemies called them, Jameson has told us 'He was a man of surpassing energy'. Harris too was a doctor, practising a craft valuable in the risks to health of the pioneer life; and he was of

the type fitted for the rough work at hand. In the pioneer treks to Rhodesia the losses from disease were slight in comparison with other migrations in history. The voortrekkers' losses were heavy. In the great western 'Oregon trek' in America we read of terrible loss of life; 5,000 dying from cholera alone.

He looked indeed on men in the abstract as instruments for the work to be done, and had little use for those human tools, which he could not sharpen for his purpose. He had no doubt too generous a tolerance for human weaknesses and failings. He had neither the time nor inclination to be interested in the foibles of humanity, from which the kindly wit and penetrative insight of his friend Jameson derived amusement. It was idleness and aimlessness, 'the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin', which were to him the unforgivable sins equally in white men and the coloured races. Le Seuer reports this characteristic gibe at his own brother, 'Bernard is a charming fellow, he rides, shoots, and fishes: in fact he is a loafer'. When a farmer complained of his luck he told him that 'there is no such thing as luck—it is only rising early—very early'. His own experience told him that 'Rhodes' luck', as it was called on the diamond mines, was only the result of constant and tireless labour and forethought in taking at the flood the tides which flowed in the affairs of all men.

It is a saying attributed to Lord Milner that

when officials from home were sent out to him labelled 'experienced', if you turned over the label you might find something else written on the other side; 'fossil', he was known to suggest. Hence his resort to the young Oxford men, whom he brought out and trained to their work. Rhodes could not in his earlier days have done that, on account of the time involved in the choice and in the trial in the tasks he set them. It was a difficulty experienced by all of us in those rapidly developing days in South Africa.

When the pioneers became settlers and swords were turned into ploughshares, he made more deliberate choice of men, whom he appointed to public services. Of Sir William Milton, his first choice, who created the Rhodesian Civil Service, Milner wrote: 'A gentleman honourable, trustworthy, zealous in his duties; well-versed in official business.' Rhodes, with Milton's help, picked some of the best of the young South African civil servants and lawyers for his administration. It was Rhodes too, who appointed, in spite of local Nationalist opposition, a Scotsman, Dr. Muir, who proved to be a most successful and distinguished Director of Education in Cape Colony. It is amusing to remember that Gladstone told Rhodes, as a reason against extending the Empire, that 'there were not enough men to administer it'.

The calumnies against the settlers of Rhodesia in Olive Schreiner's novel, *Peter Halkett*, were most unjust. The story of the clash of races is as

old as history, and even the best of men may have 'seen red' at the sight of the massacre of their women and children by the natives. But as a whole and as a class—younger sons and public schoolmen in large numbers—we have an unimpeachable witness in Professor Bryce to the general high character of the Rhodesian settlers, as compared with the type he had known in the frontier towns and mining camps of Western America.

Lord Milner in one of his letters¹ called Rhodes 'a great developer but a bad administrator'. There is truth no doubt in this opinion; though he was by all testimony a great Prime Minister of Cape Colony. But was he not indeed a rarer being; a creator of new countries and an inspirer and leader of men, pioneers, conquerors, and settlers? When, after the Matabele rebellion, he found the settlers in the direst distress, worn and wracked by rebellion and massacre, war, fever; animal pests—rinderpest and horse sickness—locusts, drought and floods; poverty and dear provisions, no trained skill of an administrator could have breathed courage and hope into them as did Rhodes, as he went from farm to farm and mine to mine personally inspiring each settler with the courage of his own faith, that to them was the glory of creating a new country; or in the words of Edmund Burke of 'turning a savage wilderness into a glorious Empire'. The seed fell on more

¹ *The Milner Papers: South Africa, 1897-1899*, edited by Cecil Headlam.

fertile ground than that of the old Scots pioneer, who protested, 'We'd have you to understand, Mr. Rhodes, that we didn't come here for posterity.'

One Poet Laureate, commenting on the fact that Shakespeare wrote his greatest plays in the high favour of the Court of King James, makes this statement: 'It is not great criticism but great encouragement, which produces great works of art.' May not this be true of all creative work, including that of founding new countries and civilizations? Rhodes, the first champion of Colonial Nationalism, feared the chilling criticism and cautious inaction of 'the Imperial Factor', embodied in the Colonial Office and Downing Street. Even to-day in the present ebb following the high tide of colonizing enthusiasm, inspired so much by the practical visionary Rhodes, we see the administrative brakes of four Royal Commissions applied, and not the spiritual accelerator of encouraged leadership, in the attempts to govern the colony of Kenya—that crowning achievement after his death of Rhodes' less direct but definite initiative and enthusiasm. For it was his influence over Lord Rosebery which prevented the hostile Liberal Cabinet from abandoning Uganda and Kenya.

Milner wrote that 'Men are ruled by their foibles, and Rhodes' foible is size.' But 'painting the map red' was the laconic crystallization into a few crude words of the idea, not of a Jingo Imperialist Africa, but of a self-governing community of British and

South Africans over the highlands of Africa, which were habitable by white men. It was his deep-based faith that England would make the best of the raw territory. There was much justification at that time for this belief. He said, 'Other powers would do nothing for a century', and that he objected 'to map making in Berlin without occupation'. German colonization was not then held in high repute in South Africa. It had failed with the coastal Arabs in 1888. The controlling policy was then generally held to be superimposed bureaucracy rather than the encouragement of individual enterprise. But German colonists themselves were always welcomed within the British colonies; they were most industrious settlers.

Milner at first thought Rhodes 'too self-willed, too violent, too sanguine, and too much in a hurry'; but later when he got to know him better, and in dealing especially with native questions, found him 'exceedingly conciliatory'. Rhodes in early life learned a respect for and love of the native races, and especially the Zulus on his Natal farm. He showed interest in and did much for their welfare at Kimberley. He often spent his Sundays talking to them in the compound. On one occasion, when in a crisis of his Company he carried a hostile board of directors triumphantly to his view, he went straight off silently to the compound and distributed fifty sovereigns amongst the natives, that they might share his success. They were sovereigns,

by the way, he borrowed from Beit, as he never carried money!

Jameson says, 'He liked to be with them; he trusted them and they fairly worshipped him.' McDonald says he 'was the best friend the natives ever had'. Both speak with intimate knowledge both of Rhodes and the natives, and of their mutual relations. Matabele and Mashona alike looked up to him with awe, respect, and affection, as their chieftain. The Matoppos Peace was due to his personal influence with the Matabele, and was a triumphant event in the history of the long wars between the two races in South Africa.

He was always a supporter of Lovedale, the successful missionary college in Kaffraria for the education of the natives. The mutual regard to which he often referred, between himself and the missionary James Stewart, the founder of Lovedale, is proof of the injustice done to Rhodes by those who would represent him as a heartless exploiter of the native.¹ The two 'royal' sons of Lobengula he put to school near Capetown. He treated them according to their rank, welcoming them in his house. He was beloved by his native servants at Groote Schuur; and even encouraged the jazz music of their band!

The Glen Grey Act, Rhodes' conception and achievement, is now South Africa's example of how best to raise the natives from tribalism to a

¹ See *Stewart of Lovedale*, by James Wells, D.D.

corporate existence in citizenship. The Act established Native Reserves and private ownership of land; and self-government by means of native councils. It imposed a 10s. poll-tax on landless young men, in accordance with his gospel of work for the black and the white man alike.

Jameson spoke of 'his sheer natural power and taking his opinions from no book and no man'. This no doubt was true in the main, but of course not wholly so. He gathered ideas, as Shakespeare gathered his plots, from all sources, but fused and hammered them to shape and use in his own creative mind. I remember at lunch one day at Groote Schuur hearing him explain to his Ministers the principles of his Glen Grey Native Act. As he set forth his points, the Ministers one after another would exclaim, 'Why, that's my idea!' He loved the natives as well as they, and knew what was best for their development, but he had been testing his own experience on that of his Ministers. The creative mind of Rhodes himself was the chief architect of this classic Act.

Fuller in his biography tells us that 'a higher civilization to supplant barbarism seemed always at the back of Rhodes' mind, when discussing northern expansion'. In judging Rhodes' outlook it is important to remember the state of Central Africa from south to north in his earlier years. The biographer of Lord Salisbury records the impression on the Prime Minister's mind of the fact

that this territory for a thousand miles north of Bechuanaland had been untouched by European enterprise. It was a 'tragic immunity', she says, for this 'sanctuary of black independence'. In the land to the south of the Zambezi the Matabele Bantu were free to ravage and slaughter, and that to the north of it had long been the favoured hunting-ground of Arab slave raiders.

The Matabele were a conquering tribe, descendants of the impies of Tshaka and Moselikatzi, a race of warriors initiated to manhood by shedding human blood in their yearly raids on the Mashona 'dogs'. They were repeating their inherited methods on the tribes whom they had dispossessed. War with the Matabele would in time have been inevitable.

The standards of well-being south of Bechuanaland were no more favourable. One has only to read the early history of Natal, as told in Mackeurtton's book, *The Cradle Days of Natal*, to realize how quick and humane by comparison was the transference in Rhodesia, thanks to the actions of Rhodes and Jameson, view them how we will, from slavery and barbarism to a peaceful civilization. Natal's early story is one of murder, fiendish cruelty, and torture, perpetrated at the whim of the Chief, Tshaka, even on his own Zulus, and of the destruction of the crops and cattle and the ruthless and wholesale slaughter of the weaker tribes. Cannibalism became rife in the land. 'There is not', says Mackeurtton, 'a square mile of Natal not soaked in

the blood of Tshaka's victims'; and when the Boers entered the country, which is now the Transvaal, they found a human desert left by the Zulu impies. Nor is the story of the relations of the Boer Voortrekkers and first traders and missionaries with the Zulus and natives of Natal pleasant reading; and there is told the common tale of the indecision and inactivity of the Government in London and of the authorities at Capetown. It was a long-drawn-out tragedy, illumined with acts of heroism, such as the brave defence of the Boer fighters and their women, and of Richard King's famous ride for succour along the perilous coast to Grahamstown.

It is not only the early history of Natal that has to be remembered. The more recent events of Rhodesia, and admiration for the records of the Boer Voortrekkers, has led to a forgetfulness of the British heroism in the long-drawn-out Kafir wars among the forests and mountains of the southern coast. The number of Kafir and Zulu wars are to be counted on the fingers of two hands and in generations of men. It is too often forgotten that the Bantu races had but little more title to their settlements in South Africa than had the Europeans. They held their possessions by conquest and the extermination of the Hottentots and other indigenous tribes. And the migrations of the conquering Bantu met and clashed in inevitable conflict with the northward movement of the voortrekkers and settlers.

Against the sarcasm of the Little Englander member of Gladstone's Government, Harcourt, that 'Mr. Rhodes is a most reasonable man! He only wants two things, slavery and protection', can it not be said that a 10s. tax a year is a small tribute to pay for the benefits of civilization and of a protecting Government?

CHAPTER VI

Thought and action.

Day-dreams.

Early thought or prayer.

Reading.

Ancient history.

Archaeology of Zimbabwe.

Money as power.

Gordon.

Influence on the rich:

Alfred Beit.

The Jews.

Loss of friends.

Generous opponent.

Ends justify means.

Historical parallels.

Dealing with adversaries.

Boer raiders.

Political dealings.

Example of Cromer and Gordon.

President Kruger.

Matabele.

Attitude to U.S.A.

Boer War compared to American Civil
War.

CHAPTER VI

Thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good Dreams; Except they be put to Act; And that cannot be without Power and Place; As the Vantage and Commanding Ground.

BACON.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take starres for money; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE chief activities of life may be divided into thought; conversation with the living, and with the dead in their books; and work and action. The secret of Rhodes' genius lay in his supreme gift of concentrated thought and the power of transmuting the resultant into action. He had an intense imagination, which he kept within practical limits. He possessed, too, the more feminine quality of intuition. Instinct he called it in his own early self-analysis. He was 'that formidable person', as Lord Rosebery said of him, 'the practical visionary'; the day-dreamer.

This power of intense thought was most remarkable. His long early rides, when he would be absorbed in silent thought for hours, and his habit in Kimberley in his early days of 'leaning silently brooding against a wall', have been described. He used to be alone on his favourite seat up the mountains; and I have known him to sit for hours at a

time in his garden, under a pergola of wistaria, gazing over his roses and hydrangeas through the high-topped pines up to the flowered slopes and the towering cliffs above. Nature on the grand scale inspired the philosophic mind in him, and there he heard the music of humanity and his eye saw into the life of things. It was in the silence of mountain and veld that he dreamed his creative visions:

For from these create he can
Thoughts more real than living man
Nurslings of immortality.

In these periods of silent thought he made up his mind as to what he could do, 'finding first what may be, then to find how to make it fair up to our means'. Will power then turned the idealist into a realist. Jourdan quotes a characteristic saying: 'Have a great idea, one great object and follow it and never give in until you achieve it. You will win in the end though you may have to wait long for it.' I and a young Rhodesian farmer were once dining alone with him. On the young man expressing a difficulty in getting a ticket for a concert given that night by a famous singer, Rhodes read him a kindly lecture saying: 'Never think a thing impossible. If you make up your mind to do a thing, you will generally succeed. I do that each morning. You know when I ride, often silently apart from my companions, I am thinking of what I am going to do during the day. I am really

saying my prayers. The early Christians were very clever; they knew if you concentrated your mind, when at its clearest in the early morning, on a definite object, you were most likely to attain it.' 'Good dreams' were meant to be 'put to act'. On the subject of prayer he said to General Booth: 'Prayer is good: it brings before you the duties of the day, pulling one up to face the obligations for their discharge.'

He read little in the busy years when I knew him. The results of deep reading in his earlier years had been converted by long thought into determined action. He would talk but little of the literature of poetry or romance. These stimulants to imagination and action he found in biography and history. He had read much of the classical history of Greece, Rome, and the Eastern Empires. He knew his Gibbon well and the classical world movements of history. He had absorbed such salient facts as he could weave into the tapestry of his dream-land and work-a-day world. He was especially intimate with the campaigns of Alexander, Cambyzes, and Napoleon in Egypt. Thus far did these conquerors penetrate into North Africa, he would be thinking, when Kitchener was fighting his way up the Nile, and he himself was extending his grasp to the land of its source.

The archaeology of Rhodesia cast a great spell over his romantic mind. He clung to the belief in its historical connexion with the early northern

civilizations of Egypt or Phoenicia, linked directly or indirectly by some seafaring nation of the Arabian Sea. Evidence of such a link existed, he thought, in the Birds carved in soapstone, reminiscent of the Egyptian Hawk, on the tall stone posts which stood like sentinels round the ramparts of the ruins at Zimbabwe. They seem to bear some resemblance to the birds carved on the ends of the steering-oars, depicted in Queen Hatshepsut's temple at Thebes, of the ships of the fleet she fitted out on the Red Sea, which returned laden with wealth from the African and Arabian coasts. He liked to think 'peacocks' was a mistranslation for 'parrots', and that it was from East Africa that Hiram's navy brought gold, silver, apes, and ivory through the Red Sea to King Solomon.

Archaeologists have disputed the date of these ruins, some placing them as the work of the Bantu or of the races they conquered in their migration, and the eighth and twelfth centuries have been assigned to them. Natives, no doubt, were the labouring slaves, but of what race were their masters? The most recent authority, however, Professor Raymond Dart,¹ puts the date of the earliest mine workings in South Africa at 3000 or 4000 B.C. Copper, gold, and manganese, he says, were mined in Africa for Babylon and Egypt. Rhodesia, it seems, was indeed the fabulous Land of Punt. Rhodes, like Milton, 'thought Sofala Ophir'.

¹ As recorded in *The Times*, September 1932.

It was one of these carved figures from Zimbabwe which he set high up in the Cabinet Council Room to remind his fellow-councillors, when faltering over the narrow outlook, that many centuries looked down upon their deliberations. He welcomed the idea of making it the symbol of Rhodesia, as a link between darkest Africa and northern civilization. We carved it in wood and cast it in bronze at Groote Schuur and other buildings. I have wondered how he let his officials miss the opportunity of establishing it officially as an heraldic symbol of Rhodesia. Elephants, the adopted symbol, are common to Africa and Asia and have no special significance to Rhodesia associated with its history or its founder.

While he was thinking of building the University I was at breakfast with him one morning, when the Secretary of De Beers Diamond Mines arrived bringing the year's balance sheet. He eagerly opened it and clumsily turning over the pages until he came to the figure, just under £10,000, giving the compound profits for the year, said to me, 'There! that's how I mean to build the University.' He made no further reference, to the chagrin of the Secretary I thought, to the financial affairs of the great corporation from which he drew the greater part of his wealth. His neglect of all but globular finance confirms in my knowledge the story of his bundling a lot of papers over to Beit saying, 'Here, you understand figures:

how much am I worth?'; and of his shouting to the man, whom he overheard counting his washing, 'You'll never be more than a manager.'

It was a characteristic answer to General Gordon, when he told him that he had refused the offer of 'a room-full of gold' in return for his services to China. 'I would have taken it all, and as many more room-fulls as they would have given me,' he replied, 'money is power, without which you cannot carry out your ideas.' One can imagine his comment on Gordon's plaint recorded by Winston Churchill in his *River Warfare*: 'Look at me now . . . with no cities to govern. I hope when death sets me free, . . . I shall have vast cities under my command.'

His interest in money was only for what it gave him as power to be put to use for the great objects of his life. He was a true interpreter of George Herbert's maxim printed at the head of this chapter. His actual wealth in 'stones and gold' was nought to him but the electric energy by which the 'starres' his imagination had 'purchased' might shine 'for the betterment of humanity'. This power the magnetism of his personality could force others to supply. Thus he realized in practice the principle of the secret society of his youthful will, in which rich men were to be pledged to public service. He despised the evil spirit of men who worked only to 'make their pile and quit', and spent, as he said, a worried old age in deciding what to do with

their wealth, and 'to which of their incompetent relations to leave it'.

It was by this ascendancy over men that he forced Barnato, after an all-night argument, to agree to let 'him have his fancy', the means to go 'North': in other words, permission to spend the profits of a mining company for the development of the Empire.

When explaining to us in after-dinner talk some big scheme for the achievement of his ideas, he would often end his talk laughingly with 'and the fun is, we make Beit pay!' It was his laconic explanation of this personal gift of persuading companies and capitalists to subscribe to his 'doctrine of ransom'. For Alfred Beit himself, who, as the greatest and best of them, was word-symbol for the mining magnates generally, he never had any but the highest affection and respect. In emergencies he was wont to ask 'What would Beit say?' Garrett truly wrote of him in his *A Millionaire's Epitaph*:

The friend he loved, he served through good and ill;
The man struck down, he served his memory still,
Nor toiling, asked more recompense of fame
Than to be coupled with another's name.

He would often speak in defence of the Jews, if any one disparaged them as lacking interest in public duties. He would tell us how, when the affairs of the Chartered Company were in desperate financial straits, his own fortune pledged up to the

hilt and all other sources of help exhausted, it was Barnato, at one time his chief opponent, who came at once and cheerfully to his rescue with a sum of £200,000. I had this personal experience of Rhodes' influence at Kimberley. I had attended a meeting of De Beers directors, at which Rhodes explained to them the scheme of the Kimberley War Memorial, and asked their help in getting public subscriptions. At the Club an hour or two afterwards, Bonas, one of the Committee, came in and gleefully said, 'I've got all the money subscribed; Rhodes said we must; so we've done it.'

He felt severely, he would confess, the loss of such old friends as the Merrimans and Innes. He would often say nice things of Merriman, even when he was being attacked by him on the political platform. Lady Sarah Wilson records him saying, 'I am so fond of Merriman: we shall come together again some day.' And, indeed, Merriman himself lived to contribute his experience and eloquence to the consummation of Rhodes' cherished ideal, the Union of South Africa. He at first would frequently ask me what Mrs. Merriman, whom he respected for her charm and strength of character, thought of the work he was doing at Groote Schuur; alas! she never saw it in his lifetime. He had these broken friendships chiefly in his mind, when he would lament, as he often did to me, as a friend of the Merrimans, the political necessity of severing personal relations. He would quote in

justification a conversation with Parnell, who had said to him, 'If you want to do anything in politics, you must have men who will vote for you when you are wrong, as well as when you are right.'

The three—Merriman, Innes, and Sauer—left his Ministry on account of antipathy to the reputed corrupt practices of Sivewright, their colleague in the Cabinet. Sivewright was a trained and able engineer, and alone then in South Africa had expert knowledge of telegraphy, as well as of railways, both of which were the instruments of Rhodes' policy of land development. Sivewright, as Minister of Railways, had given a contract for catering on the railway, without the regulation competitive tenders, to an enterprising fellow Scot, who made such a success of the business that he was able to found a new township round the hotel he built at a railway station on the desert Karoo. Sivewright was at the time engaged in negotiations between the British Government and Portugal for the acquisition of Delagoa Bay, which, by preventing rate and tariff wars, would have been of vital import for the Federation of South Africa. Rhodes foresaw the same need for that union of railways and customs which, after responsible government had been given to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony in 1910, forced the four colonies to form the Union of South Africa. Having to make the fateful decision, Rhodes chose the lesser moral evil for the greater

political good. The negotiations, but for German diplomacy, might have succeeded; had they done so there might have been no South African War. Who dares to arbitrate in this conflict in human affairs of justifying means to ends? There is an historical parallel in the request of General Gordon, the crusader against slavery, to reinstate the Black Pasha, Zabehr, the notorious slave-hunter, as the only means of saving the Sudan from the Mahdi. Might not the British Government, had it acted upon, instead of rejecting, Gordon's demand, inspired by his 'mystic feeling', as he called it, have saved Gordon and his brave garrison, the slaughter of Omdurman, and in Cromer's words, 'a stain on the reputation of England'?

After a hundred years the countrymen of Warren Hastings have authorized, by an unopposed verdict of Parliament, the engraving on the stone slab in the floor of Westminster Hall which records his trial, the words, 'He was acquitted of all charges.'

But had the rift not come when it did, it is doubtful if Rhodes could have worked for long in the same Cabinet as Merriman. Previous signs of uneasiness were apparent in Merriman's letters. Merriman had many fine qualities and attainments, which Rhodes himself lacked; but his genius lay rather in destructive criticism. He was a born leader of the Opposition, and had not the patience nor, I thought, full sympathy for the far-reaching constructive ideas of his chief. These were too

often to him 'Jim-jams', as he cynically called Imperial Preference.

It was a greater pity that Rhodes could not have worked within the conscientious principles of Sir James Innes, a lover and supporter of all that is best in Imperialism. It was he who proposed, and carried by his eloquent appeal, the vote in the Cape Parliament for the contribution to the British Navy. He was the Brutus of the revolting ministers, and Rhodes would only say of him in all respect, 'He would be crucified for his conscience.'

At first their personal friendship continued, and when politics fostered increasing bitterness I never heard Rhodes on his side display any narrow or personal spite against them. He spoke of them rather in the vein of Garrett's satire: 'It is not the conscientiousness of their decisions we object to, but rather the indecision of their conscientiousness.' As regards the lost friends, whose characters he respected, I can confirm the experience of the Archbishop of Capetown, who said, 'He was always generous to his adversaries,' and 'I have often heard him speak in the warmest—and even in affectionate—terms of one who was amongst his most vehement opponents.'

All his biographies tell how he would win over hostile meetings by appeal to a higher nature and idealism. In Parliament he would pay little heed to the personal attacks of his opponents. In reply he would, he used to say, give the House a 'thought',

some vision of the Greater Africa of his imagination and the common glory they would all share in its creation. He had none of the rhetorical arts of speech: he rather thought out aloud what he had to say, deliberately, and artfully as he once confessed to Jameson, rubbing in his points by repetition. So he would win the interest and support of the whole House. Fuller, who sat in the same Parliaments, says, 'He always lifted politics into a sphere of world-wide interest.' So in like manner did he judge his judges in his triumph over them at his trial at Westminster.

There could be no greater calumny against the memory of Rhodes than the misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the saying attributed to him that 'He never met a man with whom he could not deal.' It was said in advocating a policy of diplomacy, instead of warfare, with the Mahdi; of 'squaring the Mahdi', as he would half humourously put it. It was contrasted to Gordon's 'smashing the Mahdi'. The saying that 'Every man has his price', to which his words have been perverted, belongs to the age of Walpole, but was not said seriously by Rhodes. As Garrett writes of him, 'A chosen friend of Gordon could never fall into that mean error.' He knew indeed the vain side of humanity. 'I want the power, let him who will have the peacock's feathers.' He would laugh at Stanley's desire to have a lake in Africa called by his name; yet he was 'human', he confessed, in

welcoming 'Rhodesia' as the name given to the new territories he had given to his country.

He was so soaked in sentiment himself that he believed most people, even business men, had a strain of idealism. 'It is a natural sentiment: I like him for it: let him have his way, Beit', he would say in a business deal. It was his custom always to argue a case against himself, and so he the more easily realized the other man's point of view. He was a believer in the art of bargain and management. In bringing peaceful instead of warlike methods to oppose the hostility of Boer raiders into the coveted country of Stellaland, he would meet their land-craving by welcoming them as settlers, and offering them farms 'for their sons' inheritance'. When one such angry Boer, the swashbuckler Delarey, threatened him saying, 'Blood must flow', he replied, 'No, give me my breakfast first, and then we can talk about blood.' At this primitive meal on the veld his reasonableness with these Boers, then on the verge of war with the Cape Police Force, paved the way to a friendly settlement. He stayed with them a week, and became the godfather of the grandchild of their leader. He had satisfied their desires, and yet established them as colonists within the Cape Colony; and had thus stopped the foundation of another little independent or hostile republic.

He got the power he wanted in dealing with Barnato in return for opening the way for him to

a social and parliamentary status, to which he aspired as a prominent leader of the diamond industry. His political opponents he may have won by giving help to their pet schemes in their constituencies; not always on the strictest lines of political morality perhaps; but these things seemed to him such 'parish pumps';—'after all, only a big detail', he would say—as compared with his vast and high purposes at which he aimed. Was it wholly bribery? Money, he thought and openly said, was not his own and should be shared by all who helped the great design. When he reserved 25,000 shares in the Chartered Company for Dutch South Africans, he was quite frank about his policy of interesting the Dutch, as well as the British, in the development of 'their North'. He always welcomed to Rhodesia men from the sturdy stock of the early settlers and Voortrekkers as stiffening human elements amongst the new immigrants.

Did 'dealing with' his enemies, corrupted by his enemies into base coinage, mean more than what Lord Zetland praises in Lord Cromer, 'that he detected unerringly the elements of a bargain'? He gives, as an instance, Lord Cromer's advocacy of a policy of giving France what she wanted in Morocco for the price of British independent action in Egypt. Or more than the way of Gordon, of whom it was said to Lord Salisbury, that if he were called upon to deal with the rebellious Zulus, he would 'ask the way to Cetewayo and go and

have a talk with him'? This, indeed, was his method when sent by the Cape Government to treat with the threatening Basuto chief, Moshesh. But his effort at a peaceful settlement was frustrated, according to Allen Gordon's latest biography, because he found no one in South Africa who understood and sympathized with him, except Cecil Rhodes.

Might not 'dealing with' your enemy imply no more than the scriptural precept 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him'? In his many interviews he had with President Kruger, he had made liberal offers to the Transvaal of virtual independence under the British flag and an Imperial Court of Appeal, true to his principles of colonial nationalism, in return for coming into his Federal South Africa, as part of the British Federal System. In a speech early in his parliamentary career he had said that he believed confederated states in a colony under responsible government would practically be independent republics, with all the privileges of the tie with the Empire. Let them, he had said, have their own flags together with the Union Jack, as a symbol of the higher unity. Nearly fifty years afterwards this principle of the two flags was adopted by consent of South Africans of both races as the solution of a long and bitter controversy.

How different might have been the history of South Africa if that other great strong man, with whom alone Rhodes could not 'deal', had acted

upon the precept of the Bible which he knew so well, in the settlement of his country's difficulties; or in the words of Edmund Garrett's chivalrous poem, *The last Trek*, to him 'who threw challenge to England':

What might have been had these two been at one?
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom, and beget
The true republic.

So the Judge of War delivered him over to defeat and death, as an exile in a foreign land.

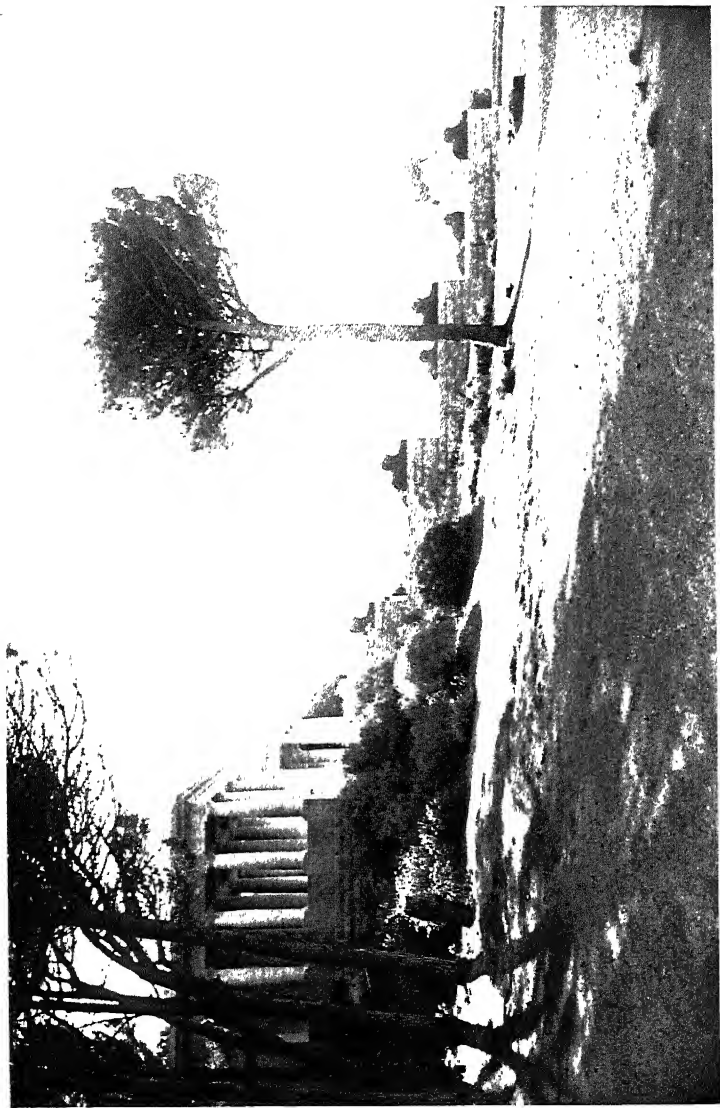
Rhodes succeeded in his 'dealing' with the German Emperor to the mutual benefit of both the German and British Colonies. The King of the Belgians, on the other hand, he found quite intractable. He told a friend that 'as soon as the door was shut, he put off the King and became the hard and astute commercial bargainer'.

His 'dealing with' the Matabele at the Indaba in the Matoppos was the wisest and most courageous action of his life. He went unarmed into the mountainous stronghold of the enemy, with their fighting passions raised to fever heat, at the risk of the lives of himself and his few companions; and there by infinite patience during three critical days he brought a war costly in life and treasure to a peaceful and honourable conclusion. He there gained an immortal place amongst those who, in Hodgson's *Song of Honour*, 'rose above their kingship men, and crowned themselves anew'.

Rhodes always urged fair thinking and speaking of the United States of America, thus helping, as he said, to make all English-speaking people understand each other. He had the same big visions for the future of the United States, as for that of the British Empire. I have heard him argue impatiently with American friends who disputed, what he himself always took for granted, that it was the unquestionable duty and indeed the ultimate destiny of the United States to take the South American continent, extending the interpretation of the Munro Doctrine, within its sphere of influence and control. A big and strong America was as necessary, in his vision, as a big and strong British Empire, each pledged to the other in high service for the realization of his dream for making wars to cease and to ensure the Peace of the World. He thought American, as well as British statesmen, suffered from a 'craven fear of being great'.

He realized that underlying the American Civil War the same basic principles were involved as in the political disputes, which led to war in South Africa. In both it was a struggle for unity. The loudest cheers greeted General Smuts' speeches in America, when he referred to the wickedness of the British Empire in warring against the South African Republics. Perhaps it was the orator's art, to 'bring the discord in, that the harmony may be prized'; for he went on to contrast this iniquity of the British with their liberal and noble statesmanship,

unparalleled, he said, in history, in the generous reconstruction of the conquered States, and in the grant of self-government to them so soon after the war. But to one who heard the speeches and the cheers, it seemed that the American audience had short memories, and had forgotten that its own Civil War was fought, like the war of South Africa, for the sacred cause of Union. Both were for the creation of greater Wholes, but the Union of South Africa, in the conception of Cecil Rhodes, was not to be a great nation in isolation, but a powerful unity in a yet greater Federal Whole, strong to maintain the peace of the world.



RHODES MEMORIAL,
SIDE VIEW

CHAPTER VII

His patience in his prime.

Late impatience and finally submission
to fate.

Last days at Muizenberg.

Two mountain memorials:

 In Matoppos.

 On Table Mountain.

Watts and 'Physical Energy'.

The sculptor Swan: Lions and Head.

Kipling's verses.

Portraits and statues of Rhodes.

Likeness to Titus.

Rhodes House at Oxford.

CHAPTER VII

Lofty designs should close in life effects:
Loftily lying
Leave him, still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.
BROWNING, *Grammarian's Funeral*.

As a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation and another
buildeth thereon.

I COR. III. 10.

PATIENCE and calm due to his faith and foresight, as he worked on the fixed idea of his life, was the characteristic of Rhodes during these first years of my knowledge of him. He had been two years Prime Minister of Cape Colony and was rising to the peak of his fortune. 'It will all come right in time', he used to say of the political difficulties and racial rivalries in the Transvaal; or, 'I give it five years: it all depends on the deep levels'; for on the extension of the gold mines depended a larger Uitlander population in the Transvaal and so their greater strength as a political force. 'It took me twenty years to amalgamate the diamond mines, and so your union must be in detail', he told the Dutch Bond. He used to quote Sir Bartle Frere, 'Never hurry anything: we must go step by step in accordance with the feeling and sentiment of the people.' That in my experience was his attitude to the work and difficulties of life during those splendid years from 1892 to 1895.

He then after his long day's work had the full power of throwing off business and worries, so that nothing interfered with his freedom of thought and sympathy; and in happy abandon would give himself up heart and soul to any discussion or project with his friends.

It was not till 1895 that he began to show signs of impatience and irritability. He had failed 'to agree with his adversary', President Kruger, and he saw the Transvaal Government drifting hopelessly apart from friendship with Cape Colony and a Federal South Africa. His heart then began to warn him of the shortness of his hold on life. He had had bad attacks of influenza and of fever contracted in the malaria coast belt on his adventurous journeys to Beira and brought out on the cold highlands of Rhodesia. Then if the work went too slowly, he would petulantly say, 'I shall be in my grave first'. On bigger issues and in his more reflective moods, his plaint would be, 'I have only one thing to complain of, that the Almighty won't give me ten more years to live'. His impatience quieted down to a submission to fate when the shadows of death were darkening round him, and he became reconciled to the hard fact that he must leave others to follow the quest and to cherish the ideals, which had animated his life. His affection for Lord Milner, and his complete trust in the justice and firmness of his policy, finally brought some measure of peace to his reconciliation with death.

It was a tragic end to the drama of an active life. He was dying slowly and in great pain of body and mind. It was in a hot and airless iron-roofed cottage; an unworthy death chamber for him who had built so nobly for others, and who had bought a mountain side for the refreshment of the people. The south-east trade wind usually tempers even the heat of March, which may experience the hottest weather of the year; but its strength failed during those weeks, even by the sea at windy Muizenberg, to reach his low-lying cottage. Had he built the house he had planned on the high terrace above, he would have suffered less.

'So little done, so much to do' were his last words. What might he not have done, he may have dreamed, had 'The Almighty given him another ten years to live'. He was only forty-nine. He may have seen himself, in his dying vision, intervening, with the will power that once was his, to stop the guerrilla war then being uselessly prolonged, as he had once by his courage and personality stopped lesser warfare. But he was blessed with the imagination to take consolation in the gleam on the horizon of a Federated Africa, the first step to the achievement of his prophetic dreams; and in the cherished thought that with his death there would come to birth his Oxford Scholarships. These were the solace of his declining years; his 'nurslings of immortality'.

I said my last farewell to him there in that

humble cottage, and I shall all my life be haunted by the remembrance. The imprisoned soul looked out from those expressive grey eyes, telling the human tragedy of the failure of high endeavour. But I read there the inspiring message of sympathy, trust, and a call to myself, and to all of us, to carry on each his own work enlightened by the gleams from his torch along the paths he had opened out to us.

The two greater memorials to Cecil Rhodes are appropriately mountain memorials. The one is his own grave in Rhodesia 'midst the grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos' which he 'admired'. The other is on the slope of Table Mountain above his home, Groote Schuur.

His grave is hewn, as he willed it, out of the solid granite on the top of a vast flat dome of rock and within its crowning circle of natural boulders, which he called 'the Temple'. The bronze slab bears no other words but his name and the dates of his birth and death. To 'mark where the great First King slumbers', 'on the rock's naked face' no other 'record shall go in great characters cut by the scribe'. His grave is the heart of his country.

Rhodes invited me to Rhodesia in order to see this site in the Matoppos which he had selected for the memorial to the Matabele War. It is near the cave-tomb of the old barbarian conqueror, Mazilikatze. He told me that he thought of placing the monument containing Tweed's four bas-reliefs

on this hill-top amongst these desolate mountains. The actual position he had chosen was inside the circle of great boulders, which might have been placed by Titan-giants of old on the top of one of the higher of the great mounts of granite which, like the frozen waves of an Atlantic swell, range endlessly through the Matoppos. The selected mount might be compared to the low-curved solid dome of some vast Buddhist stupa, the stone circle—and in Rhodes' first intention the monument—forming the crowning chattra. I rode there with his secretary, Jourdan, and spent two days of wonder and delight on his farm and in the hills. On my return to him at Bulawayo, I advised him to put the monument just outside the boulders, leaving the 'Druidical circle' as the open portico to the monument. The inside I hinted should be left as a sacred place for another purpose. He silently agreed. I knew his 'thoughts' with regard to this Heroōn for the great dead of Rhodesia, and felt that he himself should be in the central spot; and it is there he now lies. Plans for the pedestal, the four sides of which hold Tweed's sculpture, were made and detailed to fit a spot just outside the magic circle. It was unfortunate that I, who I think best knew his intentions, was in England at the time of the funeral. The decision that the monument should not be placed so near his own grave, was taken under the exaltation of the funeral ceremony. But it certainly once was, and I believe

remained, his wish that it should be there. The depth of his feelings for the sacrifice of others would have resisted the thought that he should be divided in death from those who gave their lives for the country which was both theirs and his. The monument was built on the lower slope of the same hill-top. But it was never designed to be looked down upon, and it now seems to demand some sculpture to cover the flat top, and to point the view over the romantic background. Public opinion would probably never consent to the alternative of the removal of the monument, which would involve disturbing for a third time the bodies of those who now rest within its granite walls.

The grandeur of form of this rock-dome and circled boulders midst the 'great spaces washed with sun' has often been described; but the colour may be less known. The granite has been clothed during untold centuries with lichens of many hues, grey, pale green, gold, and orange. The long grass of the valleys in the dry winter season becomes a red-gold, and the young shoots of the trees of very early spring rival the rich and bright colouring of a European autumn, reversing in the seasons of the southern hemisphere 'October's counterfeit to rival May'.

The other memorial is on Table Mountain above his house, Groote Schuur, on the higher slopes amongst heaths, red and gold proteas, silver-trees and pines, and beneath the cliffs which rise 1,500



RHODES MEMORIAL
DEVILS PEAK AND TABLE MOUNTAIN BEHIND

feet high above. It is set in a clearing he made in the forest, where first, as you climb the mountain, both the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, in Table Bay and False Bay, can be seen. Table Bay is the nearer of the two and it shines through the tall pines as a circle of sapphire sea fringed with white foam. Beyond, linking ocean to ocean, are the distant mountains which buttress the Karoo and the high veld. False Bay to the south is seen a fainter blue. He had set a seat there, and it was his favourite view.

The monument takes the form of a columned peristyle with two projecting wing porticoes. It is built of a light grey granite quarried from the rock bases, on which the quartzite rocks of these mountain ranges rest. The columns are plain and massive like those of the Grecian Doric which he sent me to study at Athens, Paestum, and Agrigentum. But it was the temple at Segesta, with its unfluted columns, set high up on its lonely mountain side overlooking the sea, which seemed to me to breathe inspiration for his own memorial on the slopes of Table Mountain. Four great platforms with steps cut solidly into them, and flanked by eight sphinx-lions, lead up to the Temple. In the centre of the platform below stands on a high pedestal Watts' 'Physical Energy'. The mountains fall away below and the Rider scans the far distant mountains that range from sea to sea. In the central niche of the back wall behind the colonnade is a colossal bronze Head of Rhodes.

It was late in the life of both that Rhodes and Watts became friends; Watts' prejudiced mistrust at once turned to admiration when they met. It is perhaps a high personal tribute to Rhodes' character that Watts, whose spiritual ideals were so high, should have given his 'Physical Energy', his life-work in sculpture, as a free gift to be dedicated to Rhodes' memory. It was a wonderful kinship of the spirit of two so unlike in many ways, except that Watts' life principle, 'The utmost for the highest', was shared by Rhodes, and that for both life's failure was that 'their reach was beyond their grasp'.

It was at first intended that this horse and its rider, the horse reined in after speed and the rider scanning the distance for the next deed beyond—'an emblem of energy and outlook, so characteristic of him', as Watts wrote to Grey—should be set up at the Zambezi Falls, where Rhodes had halted in his land quest. But it was decided that it should form the central expression of his memorial on the slopes of the mountain, which had been his home and the source of inspiration to him. The sculpture aims at the grace and generalized heroic character of the Greek sculptors, combined with the sense of thought and action, which Michelangelo and the greater Renaissance sculptors added to the range of sculptural expression. The late Professor Lethaby, a broad-minded critic and sound judge, has said, 'An age which can produce a Forth Bridge

and a "Physical Energy" cannot be lacking in genius.'

Academic sculptors have been critical of the sculpture of Watts, the painter. But J. W. Swan, R.A., both painter and sculptor, whom we chose for the sculpture on the memorial, when asked his opinion of 'Physical Energy', said: 'It has some faults which I could correct, but then! it's a great work of a great mind and I daren't criticize it.' The fault was in the hind legs. He thus repeated the thought of Browning when he made Andrea del Sarto, 'the perfect painter', say of a picture by his rival, Raphael, that in the painting of it he was 'pouring his soul out, above and through his art, for it gives way: that arm is wrongly put: its soul is right'.

When in London I consulted Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, Watts, and many others about sculptors, and I saw several; but Swan best met the test I put to them of understanding and appreciation before the Egyptian lions in the British Museum, which of sculptured lions in all ages seem to me to give the highest expression of calm strength and reserve power. With a leonine head himself, he was famous as an animal portrayer, but had been trained in the more naturalistic school of Barye and the French sculptors, whose lions too often express mere ferocity. Barye's lions on the Louvre, facing the Seine, are glorious exceptions. Swan went to Egypt to study the great sphinx and

lion sculpture of the temples. Rhodes had asked me to see the long avenue of sphinxes at Karnac, rightly seeing in repetition the symbolism of guardian sentinels.

Swan also modelled the bronze Head in the central niche. Both Head and Lion he first modelled in clay on the site. To the Memorial Committee's wish for a realistic representation in a full statue, he argued with the architect for a colossal head set against the solid granite wall, as being in harmony with the imaginative values of the temple, the symbolical lions, and Watts' 'Physical Energy'.

In many talks I had with Rudyard Kipling, when he spent the southern summers at the Wool-sack, we discussed the sites and sculpture for the memorial. Lord Grey had suggested a colossal statue on the Lion's Head promontory to be seen from Capetown and the sea. But on that beacon-hill it would have been invisible from his own beloved mountain side. When the site and form of a temple-memorial was agreed, we thrashed out the alternatives of a full figure on a horse, or of a head alone with Watts' 'Energy'. Could we find a sculptor who could interpret the man in the habit as he rode, and to the scale needed for its setting on the open mountain side against the cliffs above and the expanse below? In reconciling himself to Watts' 'Energy' and the Swan Head, Kipling thought, as he wrote to me: 'It is better than a colossal error in bronze.' What sculptor could 'give us, giganti-

cally, the man he was'? Of his own vision of the man he sent me these verses:

As tho' again—yea, even once again
We should rewelcome to the Stewardship
The Rider with the loose flung bridle-rein
And chance plucked twig for whip,
The down-turned hat brim and the eyes beneath
Alert, devouring—and the imperious hand
Ordaining matters swiftly to bequeath
Perfect the work he planned.

Kipling also composed for us this inscription which was cut deep in great letters in the granite wall of the temple: 'To the Spirit and life work of Cecil John Rhodes who loved and served South Africa'; and these verses for the pedestal, which carries the bronze Head:

The great and brooding spirit still
Shall quicken and control;
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

His hope was, he told me when he sent me these words, 'that those who go up to the memorial may come down from the mountain with perhaps more strength and belief'.

Lord Bryce, too, bore testimony that the genius of Cecil Rhodes was a benevolent spirit brooding over South Africa from Table Bay to the far northern Highlands.

The suggestion was made by Albert Grey in his speech at the opening ceremony, and taken up

enthusiastically by Lord Curzon when he visited the Cape, that there should be a vista cut through the pine forest below the Memorial and terraces formed to lead from 'Rhodes' Road' at the bottom of the great slope up to the Memorial. It was found by survey to be a difficult but not an impossible undertaking. Its realization may yet be the task of a future generation.

There are at least five full-length statues of Rhodes in South Africa: a dignified figure on a horse at Kimberley, by Thornycroft, R.A., a sculptor gifted with classical grace; a good realistic likeness by Mr. Pegram, R.A., put away in an inappropriate site in the gardens at Capetown—the hand points northwards and below is cut 'Your Hinterland is there'; three by John Tweed, one at Bulawayo, portraying the rude strength and power of the man, and two more recently executed at Salisbury and Mafeking. Swan never saw Rhodes, and his head does not aim to be a realistic likeness, but, set there in its granite wall, it embodies the massive brow and its breadth beyond the large dreamy eyes, the strong cheek bones and chin; even an awkwardness in the treatment of the shoulders suggests a characteristic uncouthness in the man. Below the head, indeed, the modelling was unfinished; the sculptor, in defiance of the doctor, worked on it up to the day he was stricken with his fatal illness. It satisfies those who would look beyond the superficial likeness to the Brooding

Spirit of the mountain and of the soul of the land he loved. In another statue by Pegram, Cecil Rhodes, on the front of Oriel College, takes rank with the past princely benefactors of Oxford.

Rhodes had an undoubted likeness to one bust of the Emperor Titus in the Vatican Museum at Rome. I used to wonder if half consciously he knew it, as he was fond of turning over the pages of a book containing photographs of busts of the Roman Emperors and, coming to that of Titus, I have heard him say, 'He has a fine forehead', as his hand passed over his own. Was he thinking perhaps of one of his marked texts of Marcus Aurelius, 'Take care always to remember that you are a Roman. Have a care you are not too much a Caesar'?

He had but few portraits painted. He sat to Herkomer, R.A., alone of distinguished painters; he has made him look as though he were going nervously to a city meeting; it was Rhodes' fault no doubt, as he hated sitting. For the portraits made by South Africans or visiting painters he seldom gave even one patient sitting, and often, after he had bought the picture, put his knife through the canvas. He sat to Watts, but not till his heart disease had transformed his features; yet Watts' sketch, for it is little more, now in the National Portrait Gallery, seems to give the artist's idealization of the flash and spirit of inspired moments of the young empire builder. The drawing by Lady

Granby, now the Duchess of Rutland, gives something of the same expression. He would never be painted or photographed in profile, as he would say, 'The full face shows the true character'. He was a good judge of his own face!

Rhodes' Fruit Farms, alas! are memorials to him only in name. They are now no longer the property of the Rhodes Trust, but it is hoped that they may be managed, not only for their material interests, but with due remembrance of Rhodes' affection for the beauty of the old homesteads, and the trees and gardens in which they are embedded in the mountain valleys, and of the debt which South Africa owes him for their preservation.

Except the little cottage at Muizenberg, where he died, which, now roofed with thatch, is a rest-house for the sick and weary of Northern Rhodesia, there is no part of Rhodes' estate left in the Union of South Africa which is not in Government or alien possession. In Rhodesia all his estates, like Caesar's 'gardens across the Tiber', he left to the citizens of his country 'and their heirs for ever'.

He has said that the Scholarships were 'his best companion' in misfortune, 'his solace in dullness', of which the envious Furies of politics, war, and race hatred could not rob him. In his brooding, as his manner was, he must have pictured his scholars in beautiful surroundings at his beloved Oxford. He did indeed conceive that the students at the University he once intended to build on his

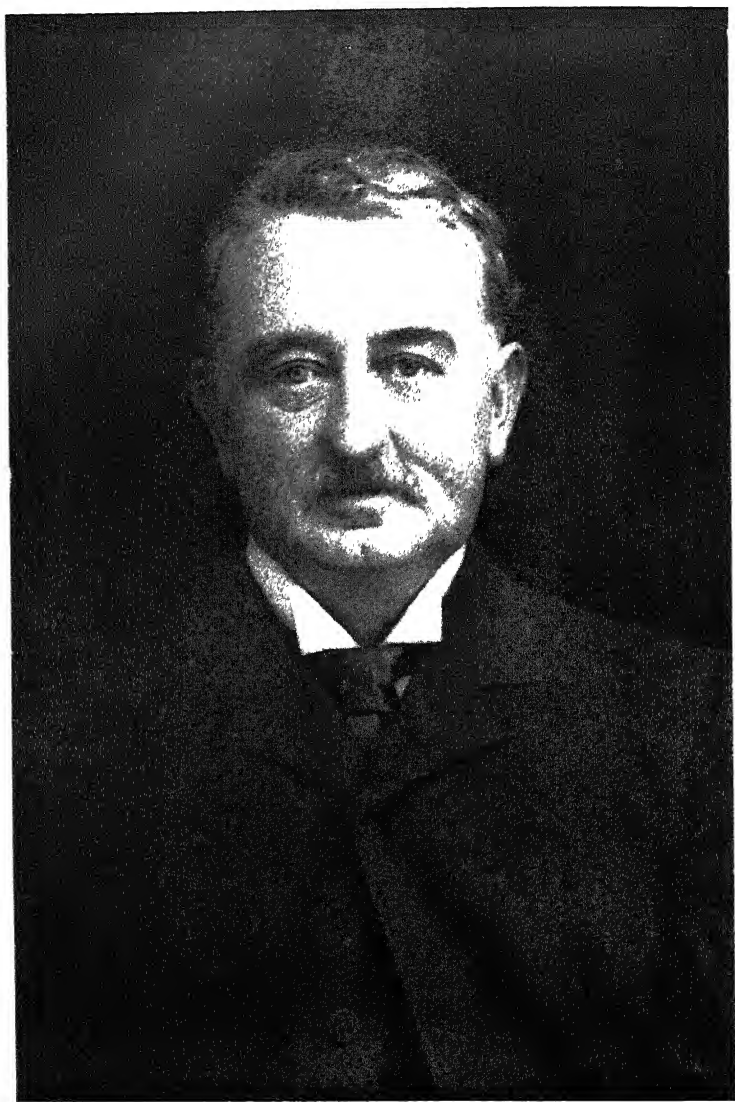
estate near Groote Schuur should enjoy buildings with the charm of an Oxford college set in a forest background under the majesty of Table Mountain. So it was meet and right that the Trustees of his Scholarships should have built Rhodes House, as a local habitation for the Trust and dedicated 'to the name and example of Cecil Rhodes in the Oxford which he loved'. It has been built not for his Scholars only but, as he would have wished, for the general benefit of the University, and in gratitude for all it did for him; and has done and will yet do for his Scholars. They can there read in letters of gold and carven symbol of the ideals which inspired the virtuous energy of their Founder, and aspire like him to 'make public service their highest aim'. The names of those who may realize this aspiration, like that of Kingsley Fairbridge, the Founder of Child Settlement in the Dominions, may be inscribed on the stone wall of the Hall of Honour. *Non omnis moriar*. One 'thought' of his at least, that of 'More homes, more homes', was not dead, when it inspired the youthful Fairbridge, fever-racked and starving in the Rhodesian bush, with the idea out of which he created, while at Oxford, the beginnings of the Settlement in Western Australia.

The thought that there would have been such a habitation to his day-dreams, set amidst the venerable colleges, walls, and gardens of Oxford, would have been an intense joy to Cecil Rhodes. And

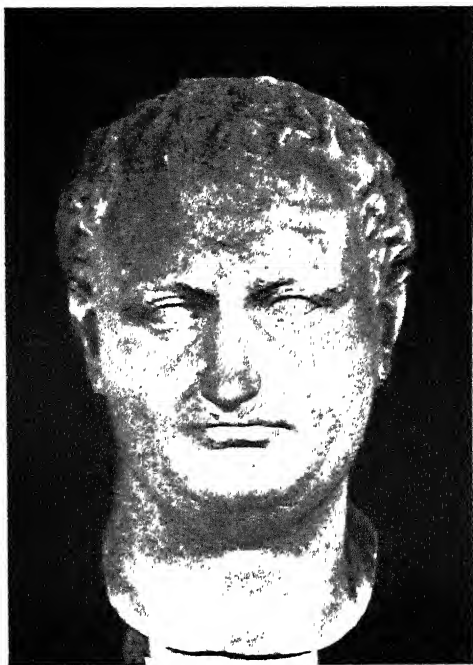
there within and without its walls those who knew
and loved him can feel his spiritual presence and
a sense

That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile.

May this benediction fall too on those who live
for the service of his ideals.



CECIL RHODES



BUST OF THE EMPEROR TITUS



THE RHODES HEAD IN TABLE
MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL

CHAPTER VIII

Personality of Rhodes.

Influence of environment.

His place in history.

Early instincts and day-dreams: expressed in Wills.

Comparison with Colonel Lawrence.

Last Will.

Educational Trust.

Object and character of Scholars.

Results and hopes of the Scholarships.

African hinterland.

Livingstone's ideas on colonization.

Imperial Home Rule.

Preference and Tariffs.

Race and class feeling.

Respect for Kruger.

Desire to work with the Dutch.

Rhodes and Botha.

Visit to Germany.

Low ebb of Imperialism.

No help from Downing Street.

He did it alone.

CHAPTER VIII

From everything we are sprung
From earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH

We are a wonderful people; it was never our Government which made us a great nation.

GENERAL GORDON'S *Journal*, written at Khartoum.

TO understand the personality of Rhodes we have to imagine the influence of his age and environments on this young Englishman, with the blood in his veins of the adventurous Northmen who overran his East Anglia, and with perhaps a remote strain of a Roman emperor; a youth restless as one of seven stalwart brothers in the narrow confines of the rectory of a country town, yet earnest-minded, with the thought at one time of obeying his father's wish to enter the Church, and always prone to religious questionings; migrating at seventeen in a sailing-ship to South Africa, a sub-continent where during the preceding generations, beyond a coast fringe of established European civilization, Boer Voortrekkers, escaping from ordered government, and British explorers and missionaries were clashing with each other and with the warlike Bantu invaders from the north.

There in early life he learnt the valuable lesson of hard work and independent effort in reclaiming, with an even more adventurous brother, the

African bush; and afterwards fighting for place in the demoralizing struggle of a mining camp. At recurring intervals this young pioneer led a student's life at Oxford. Thus his mind was electrified, as it were, by the alternating currents of peaceful culture and restless materialism. It was an Oxford where historical research had shaken, to an exaggerated degree, orthodox religious belief, and to a free and inquiring undergraduate mind Darwin's evolutionary theory held the field of faith. To give spiritual fire to the interpretation that divine purpose worked through man's co-operation for the survival of the fittest nations, came Ruskin's eloquent creed of patriotic service. And to add to the flames of desire in this young South African—as he had become—came tales of Livingstone's and Stanley's journeys, and of the adventures of Selous and the hunters in the lands of romance; the fabulous Monomatopa, which had drawn the princely youth of Portugal to their destruction. His adventurous brother Herbert, too, brought news of gold at Tati and of ancient workings of minerals.

To subdue and attune to humanity, to art, and to nature, such a restless and adventurous spirit, we must realize the mystic influences of Oxford; the peace of the starlight nights in the veld and the desert—ever the birthplace of spiritual thought; and the arresting beauty of Table Mountain, where men boast that they have never left its shadow.

The German, Spengler, writes of Rhodes as

sprung from the dominant seed of the conquering Teuton who overran Europe; and as the first precursor of the western type of 'force-man', who in the centuries to come will control democracies. May he not be thought of as the incarnation of the spirit of his race leading, on the crest of the last migrating tide, the northern stock, who, from England and the north-western shores of Europe, have filled up the temperate regions of the new worlds? When the highland backbone of Africa has been occupied, what realms are left for the conquest of adventurous youth, but the two Poles, the thrones of Indra in the Himalayas, and the barren altitudes of the air?

In attempting to form an estimate of Rhodes' life-work and his place in history, it must be remembered that he made his plans and laboured for their achievement unaided and alone. When he went to South Africa, he determined to continue his education at Oxford without financial assistance from any one. After a heroic failure to grow cotton profitably, his chance came with the discovery of the diamond fields. We hear of him trekking from Natal to Kimberley, walking beside the ox wagon laden with picks and shovels, volumes of classics, and a Greek lexicon. It was on a long coach journey, as he used to tell us, that Sir Charles Warren was so puzzled at the young man who was so engrossed in the Thirty-nine Articles of Faith. Whenever he found enough diamonds to pay for

the long journey, he kept his terms at the University. He had an attack of heart and lungs there, and was given by the doctor but six months to live; but he recovered on his return to the sun and dry air of the high veld. The ideas sown in his mind by Ruskin, Aristotle, and all the inspiration of Oxford, nourished in lonely thought on the long journeys by sea and land, and in the boredom of the mining camp, were crystallized into his determination to follow his 'instinct of life', as he expressed it in a written testament of faith preserved at Oxford, to live for 'creation which from a human point of view I think the best'. His youthful confession was interpreted in the will, made at the age of twenty-four, in which he bequeathed his fortune, before he had any to bequeath! In it he says, 'It often strikes a man to inquire what is the chief good of life . . . to myself came the wish to be useful to my country.' Then follow 'thoughts', evidently inspired by Ruskin's Inaugural Address, of the proud place of the English race in history and its need to absorb 'the greater part of the world under one rule' as the means 'to end all wars'. Amongst the world-wide objects to work for, were 'the recovery of the United States and making the Anglo-Saxon race but one Empire'. 'What a dream,' he adds, 'but it is probable: it is possible.'

This will provided for a secret society, founded on the principles of Loyola's Society of Jesuits, to reunite the broken Anglo-Saxon world, as Loyola

aimed at reuniting the Catholic world which had been shattered by the Reformation. It was to be a dynasty of wealth, comprised of rich men sworn to devote their lives to the high service of his political religion, which aimed at a united Anglo-Saxon Power so great as 'to render wars impossible and to promote the best interests of humanity'. These youthful aspirations were as wild as the world. He would be both Caesar and Loyola. Though the power of the society would come from the rich, yet he expressly states that it was to include 'all well-meaning men, young men especially; the great-souled who were possessed by Aristotle's *μεγαλόψυχος*. He regretted the days of 'Rotten Boroughs' which returned such men as Pitt to Parliament, because 'good men could not exist in politics'. The secrecy was perhaps prompted by his shyness, born of the failure to make his friends understand and respond to his desire to talk of ideals so high that they seemed but fantasies.

This youthful will he soon revoked. It appears to have been revealed to no one, until he sent it to Stead in 1891. He afterwards made three other wills in which, as his mind and experience of life grew, he developed practical ideas of tariffs, to force the United States to Free Trade—'I mean in a hundred years'—so far-seeing was he: of Home Rule, and of an Imperial Federal Parliament. Such naïve and unique documents would seem but the freak of a fantastic youth, and would prove little of Rhodes'

worth, were it not that they all contain the same master-thought to which he clung with tenacity of purpose throughout the whole of his life's work.

To such a generous spirit, an undergraduate at Oxford, who had day-dreams there in his youth of a quest in the realms of romance, may not a parallel be found in the career of Colonel Lawrence? In his own words in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, '*Super flumina Babylonis* of Swinburne, read as a boy, had left me longing to feel myself the node of a national movement' for the liberation and union of Arabia. 'Fantasies these will seem', he says. So might Rhodes have said of his Oxford 'Thought'. But destiny seemed to bring to each, as it were by miracle, the opportunity for the achievement of their life's set-prize.

Again in 1899, in the place of these testamentary experiments, Rhodes substituted his last will and testament embodying his Oxford Scholarship Trust. He had previously in his will of 1893 turned his thoughts to education, as the surest means to his end. The seed of his thought, as expressed in his scheme for the university on the slope of Table Mountain, which would bring together and bind in unity of sentiment, under the influence of the majesty of natural scenery, the youth of all races in South Africa, had grown to this Trust, which would unite, under the influence of the culture and beauty of Oxford, the youth of all the English-speaking peoples. The educational trust thus took

the place of the society 'which had pleased his childish thoughts'; the thought became the service of youth instead of the service of the rich; the human element was changed, but not the firm-set purpose. In the maturing years, as associations of old Rhodes Scholars are formed and their collective influence spreads through the English-speaking world, may not the seed of his second thought grow, like the grain of mustard seed, into a tree bearing the fruit of all that was truly inspired in his first youthful conception; a fruit rich in its influence for the performance of public service?

The objective of the Scholarships, as defined in his last testament, was to give to the Scholars of the British Empire 'breadth to their views, for their instruction in life and manners, and for instilling into their minds the advantage to the Colonies, as well as to the United Kingdom, of the retention of the unity of the Empire': for the American Scholars, 'to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages, which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples'. He added the hope that this result would be achieved 'without withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth'. The Scholars were to be selected on the four grounds of scholarship, athletic prowess, manhood, and character. He defined 'manhood' as 'truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness,

and fellowship'; and 'character' as 'moral force and instincts to lead', 'for these attributes', he concludes, 'will be likely in after life to guide them to esteem the performance of public duties as their highest aim'; a 'thought', he wrote to Hawkesley, 'which came from the sea'.

His experience had taught him that for the high service of his ideal 'the best men were wanted to lead in the world's fight'; 'the mass of mankind', he said, 'cares more for pleasure than for lofty ambition'. A clause provided that there was to be no exclusion for race or religion.

The Rhodes Scholars have proved to be more than a group of 'decent fellows', as Mrs. Millin in her book has implied. Statistics prove that they have held their own with the home-born in scholarship, and those who have had care of them say that generally they combine work and sport better than the average English public schoolboy; and that they have retained also their freshness and individuality; as Rhodes himself did at Oxford, and would have wished his scholars to do. Mrs. Millin has since written that 'brains are the only essential and measurable requisite of greatness'. But youthful brains always possess the key to Oxford Scholarships; and 'the wind bloweth where it listeth' in quickening 'the uncommon spirits', which, she says, 'in the end direct the fate of the world'. Often 'the best fruit ripens slowly', as was said of the backward du Guesclin.

In the subsequent careers of Rhodes Scholars a considerable proportion have attained positions of prominence and influence in many different spheres. The progressive indirect influence of his 'thought' has been great; it has advanced the ideals of education and encouraged the liberal beneficence of others. There are, for instance, as many scholars going from the British Isles to the United States as come from the States to Oxford.

Rhodes was the first to realize the full value of the African hinterland for European settlement. In a speech in 1891 to the Afrikaner Bond he said: 'You may think this a wild flight of imagination; white self-government up to the Zambezi.' This wild flight, or 'wild-cat scheme', as Harcourt, expressing the Little Englander sentiment of the British Government, called it, is realized now in the self-governing constitution of Southern Rhodesia; and there is an eager population clamouring for self-government beyond the Zambezi on the highlands up to the sources of the Nile. It gave Rhodes great pleasure when he heard there were 100 white school children in Rhodesia. There are now nearly 10,000, and in Kenya 3,000 children, of whom 2,000 are educated in the fifteen well-built schools provided for them.

He had no doubt been fired by Livingstone's attempt to found a white colony on the Shiré Highlands of Nyasaland. The miseries suffered by the members of the expedition, in their attempt to

approach the highlands by way of the rivers and unhealthy low country, may have burnt into his mind the value of the overland way by the healthy high-veld backbone that runs from south to north. He must, too, have been impressed by Livingstone's statements that 'English colonization is essential for any large success', and, 'a European Colony is a means for keeping peace amongst the natives'. But his dream of a central African self-governing White Colony, as an outgrowth of Cape Colony, was very different, no doubt, from Livingstone's conception of small white settlements of missionaries, craftsmen, and traders.

Of the unity and greatness of the British Empire there has never been a more inspired and prouder champion than Cecil Rhodes; yet ever in his thoughts its unity was to be established on the broad basis of Home Rule. This 'thought' contained the germ of the Colonial Nationalism which is now the accepted basis of the Commonwealth of Nations. In the Federal Parliament of his conception the several self-governing States of the Empire were to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. He made this an essential condition, when he gave the £10,000 to the Irish Home Rule Party. It was to be a Parliament divorced from all local matters and free to devote itself to high Imperial affairs. Would he, with his breadth of vision, have welcomed in its stead the present system of Imperial Conferences, in which, apart from the link

of Kingship, recognition by the Dominions of the responsibilities attached to the privileges of independence forms the working bond of our Commonwealth?

Harcourt in his gibe at Rhodes, quoted at the end of Chapter V, said that Rhodes 'wanted Protection'. It can now, however, be affirmed that, had the British Government paid more heed to Rhodes, when under his influence the South African delegates, Hofmeyr and de Villiers, carried a resolution in favour of Imperial Preference at the Ottawa Conference in 1894, the Conference there in 1932 would not have experienced such insuperable difficulties in establishing this principle in Imperial trade relations. Rhodes was the prophet of Imperial Preference; and the World Economic Conference of London is a striking proof of his prophecy that 'the wars of the future will not be military wars, but tariff wars'. These convictions were reinforced in the structure of the political architecture of his ideals; but his designs were then submitted to blind eyes.

Rhodes never, I believe, in spite of the bitter political hostility opposed to him, wholly lost his affection for the Colonial Dutch race; he certainly did not for their country-folk. He no doubt had little sympathy with the limitations of outlook common to the legally and politically minded amongst them; but this was rather a class than a race feeling; and was akin to the criticism I often

heard him make of the commercial materialism of those he used to call the 'Cape Merchants'. Those who lacked vision could not follow, with him, the Spirit of the Quest. Has not General Smuts, in his philosophy of Holism, determined the professional classes which tend to lose, or retain—on the assumption that Heaven lies about us all in our infancy!—and develop the inward light of Personality?

I have heard Rhodes say unkind things against those whom he called mugwumps. He brought reproof upon himself for his condemnation of the 'unctuous rectitude', the narrow superconscientiousness of certain schools of political philosophy in England—the type that in a previous century hounded Warren Hastings through a ten years' trial; and he would scoff at the unctuous *un*rectitude, as he thought it, of a political clique at Pretoria. His deep-set antipathy was against the policy, which he called 'Krugerism', in its antagonism to the aggrandizement of Cape Colony and its political system in South Africa.

In a speech to the Cape Parliament in 1888, in justifying the use of the word 'Krugerism' for the policy of the Transvaal, he spoke of 'the extraordinary influence of that one man . . . he is the dictator of the Transvaal—I say it with all respect. When I refer to Kruger as the Transvaal, I am speaking correctly.' I myself never heard him say anything against the personal character of the old President. Indeed, he would speak in admiration of

his strength of will and native shrewdness. Kruger had the qualities of the 'big and simple', like rough-hewn granite, which appealed to Rhodes. He indeed honoured the tradition of the Voortrekkers, which the old President personified. To have worked together with him in the broad-minded spirit, in which President Brand, of the Orange Free State, had worked with the British Government in South Africa, would I am sure have given him the greatest happiness. It was the misfortune of the tussle between these two strong men that Kruger, if his memoirs are to be trusted, could see nothing but the basest of motives behind the actions and in the personal character of his opponent. But we must perhaps excuse and forgive the simple-minded Boer, whose religion was that of the Old Testament, for what he wrote in his memoirs, when a defeated and broken-hearted exile.

Rhodes, thus cherishing his old friendships, was never quite happy, I believe, in throwing his political influence into the new Progressive party which, owing to the bitter race feeling engendered by the war, had perforce to be mainly a British and Town party. He wrestled long with the hope that he might again work with the Dutch people of Cape Colony, and indeed of South Africa, many of whom remained loyal to him. They still returned him to Parliament in his own country constituency. He told us how, when he came through the Colony from Rhodesia a year after the Raid

on the way to his trial in London, he received a welcome at Wellington, a typical Dutch farming district in Cape Colony. On the platform a burly Dutch farmer came up to him and said, 'Why did you send Jameson in?' Instead of the scolding Rhodes expected, he added, 'Why didn't you send me in?—I would have done it for you.' The Chief Justice, de Villiers, when he unveiled the Rhodes statue at Capetown, bore testimony to the absence in him of any racial feeling against the Dutch people, ever since the day, when in Parliament, he raised his voice in solemn protest against the provision in the scheme of Warren and Mackenzie for the settlement of Bechuanaland, in which they would have prohibited the entry of Dutch settlers. He wanted the Empire to be dominated, as he told Albert Grey, 'by the English character, but to be the home of all men who loved truth, freedom, and the welfare of mankind'. He believed, indeed, in the genius for individual enterprise of his own race. He was angry if people spoke of Briton and Boer, instead of South Africans. But the racial rift caused by the Raid had been widened by the agents of political parties. The war had come, and he was destined never to work again with his Dutch fellow South Africans. That was a climax left to be achieved by Dr. Jameson after the arbitrament of war, at the conference at which the Union of South Africa was established by the delegates from all races and sections of the people.

In no instance of his life was he truer to himself or showed better judgement and grandeur of spirit than in his last speech at Capetown to the people gathering there in their thousands acclaiming the victories of the British arms. He looked through the window of the Town Hall at Table Mountain in silence for some time, as if in a trance, and then said: 'We rejoice in the victories; but do not make the mistake of thinking you have beaten the Dutch people; you will always have to live with them. Let there be no vaulting words, no vulgar triumphs: make them feel the bitterness is past and that the need of co-operation is greater than ever.' The words recall Chatham's prescient saying in 1777, 'You will never conquer the Americans.' Had he lived he would, I believe, have again won the confidence of the Dutch in South Africa, as General Botha won that of the British by appeals to ideals higher than those of a restricted and selfish racialism. Both were so high-souled, that even after bitter warfare they could hold to the truth that racial enmity between the two great white races in South Africa was not only fratricidal but suicidal in face of their frontier in the vast black continent.

He told us, after his visit to Germany, that he was greatly impressed by the appearance of manliness and discipline of the German people. He thought the British might, in respect of discipline, learn a lesson from them. It was, I thought at the time, this impression as much as the blandishments

of the Kaiser—‘If you were a German, I would make you my Minister for the Colonies’—which induced him to add to his Oxford Trust some scholarships for Germans. Such a strong race, he thought, must be brought into his idea of allied powers to promote world-peace.

Rhodes set off on his quest in South Africa during the low ebb of British imperialism. South Africans still chilled at the remembrance of the ignorance and folly of Lord Glenelg, and of the fate which befell the attempts of Harry Smith, Grey, and Frere to extend the dominion or federate the states of British South Africa. He entered the Parliament of Cape Colony a few months before the defeat at Majuba, which was followed by the retrocession of the Transvaal. He must, too, have been deeply impressed when the British Government refused to send a relieving force to the Sudan to save his friend, General Gordon, from defeat and massacre. He knew, therefore, that he could not rely upon the initiative or support of the British Government.

He himself has recorded two instances of the cold shoulder of Downing Street. He had urged upon Gladstone the necessity of acquiring all the unoccupied territory in Africa, because other European nations, he told him, were greedy to acquire it, and would, if they did, shut out the trade of the Empire with hostile tariffs. Gladstone’s reply to him was that his fears were needless, because all the

world would soon follow Great Britain's example of a policy of Free Trade. Rhodes, in telling the story, would add that Gladstone seemed to know but little of the world, or of the colonies. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hicks-Beach, refused his application for a guarantee of the interest on two millions to extend the railway into Northern Rhodesia, he would say, 'they refuse a guarantee of a guarantee on the interest of two millions, when British money flows out freely to every small foreign country. I hope the time will come when England has to guarantee the interest on 200 millions; that would make the Empire!' Will his prophetic wish, so vastly multiplied, be fulfilled?

Rhodes did not have a powerful company behind him, as had Clive and Warren Hastings in the East India Company. Nor was there in South Africa a single sovereignty, such as had kept the two races of Canada together under the British Crown, and thereby made less difficult the work of federating the separate colonies into one Canadian nation. If there had been an independent French Republic in Quebec, MacDonald's task in Canada might have been impossible.

Rhodes, therefore, had to create single-handed the wealth, which would give him the power he needed, whether in his own possession or in that of the companies he founded, De Beers Diamond Company, the Gold Fields of South Africa, and the Chartered Company of Rhodesia. In the

incorporation of his companies he insisted on the widest powers, such as would permit 'steps for the good government of any country'—as was said by the Attorney-General of Cape Colony. To add to his money-power he relied on the financial help of his friends, whom he could influence;—as he would have created the 'Society of Wealth' by his youthful will. He had also to mould a democracy of mixed races to give him a majority in the South African Parliament; to quicken the inertia of Downing Street; to rouse the English people and Government to a sense of imperial responsibility; and to animate with his own high spirit the enterprising young men of South Africa and of the Empire. These were the instruments of power necessary for the 'creation which from the human point of view he thought the best instinct in life'.

In spite of the one false and fatal step, has his single-minded and single-handed endeavour been excelled in British history?



CHAPTER IX

Myth of Table Mountain.

Adamastor.

Prometheus.

Adventurers in sea-quest and land-quest.

Rhodes' character.

Happy Warrior: ὤβρις.

Religion.

Inspiration of the Mountain.

Testimony of others.

Judged by his friends.

Cause of rashness.

Rhodes' obsession.

Comparison with Caesar.

Memorial speeches.

Author on summing up of his character.

Character compared to Milner and Botha.

CHAPTER IX

Τὸν ῥαιστῆρα νεῶν Ἀδαμάστορα τῆσδε Προμηθεύς
ἔξελάσας σκοπιᾷς ἡμῖαι ἀλεξικάκος.
πόλλ' ὑπὲρ ἀνθρώπων κατ' ἐμὴν φρένα μαρμαρίζων
πόλλ' ἐπόνουν ψυχαῖς σπέρμα βαλὼν ἀρετῆς.¹

F. W. P.

D. O. M.

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates:
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*.

THE early navigators, as they battled with the trade-winds which raged round the Cape of Storms, saw in its mountains a vision of a monstrous phantom-statue. It appeared to Vasco da Gama and prophesied disaster to him and to all mariners who ventured round the perilous coast on their search for the eastern seas. It is named Adamastor in the *Lusiads* by Camoens, who describes the size and hideousness of this evil genius of the crusader-navigators, imprisoned in the rocky precipices of the mountain; his flowing hair was its crown

¹ 'I, Prometheus, having driven out Adamastor, the wrecker of ships, from this mountain watch-tower, sit here a warder-off of evil; pondering many things in my mind on behalf of mankind, I laboured much, sowing in their souls the seeds of active virtue.' ἀρετῆς has been translated 'active virtue', as expressing Rhodes' idea of the purpose of life, as embodied in the conditions of his Scholarships: the ψυχῆς ἐνέργεια of his favourite text of Aristotle.

of storm-tossed cloud, out of which sprang the winds that swept the seas below.

Adamastor, like Enceladus and his sister Fame, whom, Virgil says, 'Mother Earth wrathful with the gods begot', belonged to the 'threatening band of Typhon's brood' who conspired against Zeus in selfish rivalry. A nobler antagonist to the tyrannous gods arose in Prometheus, who defied their power for the benefit of the race of mortals. It is a mere idle fancy to carry on the Promethean myth to the Brooding Spirits of the mountain that have dreamed there of advancing the welfare and extending the civilization of their country; of adventurous sea-quest to the eastern seas, and of land-quest to the northern lands of mystery? These dreams were not confined to one nation. Governor Adrian van der Stel climbed the mountain, when Table Bay was little more than a victualling settlement for the Dutch East India Company, and there conceived his policy of land settlement beyond the block-houses of Table Mountain, then the limits of the station, into the fertile valleys amidst the hills which bordered his horizon. Many other men of vision sent out from Europe must have had such dreams of 'conquests to the northwards' beyond the 'faery lands forlorn' of the great ranges of the Hottentots' Holland. There were Dutch Governors, the two van der Stels and Tulbagh, and many English Governors, who founded settlements in these mountain valleys, and have left

their memorials in the inland towns which now bear their names, Stellenbosch, Tulbagh, Swellendam, and Worcester, the two Somersets, Harri-smith, and many others. The majesty of sea and mountain must have inspired them with that romance of South Africa which had such enthralling influence over Cecil Rhodes. One can realize the drama of the lives of these sea-weary adventurers, the inspiration of Table Mountain, 'occult and grand' in the words of Camoens, who himself sailed these seas of storm. It was the fortress of the eastern seas; further Pillars of Hercules to the sea-masters of the Atlantic. It must have been a stimulus to action—independent and disobedient action often on account of the long distance from the Directors and Governments of their homeland—and to a desire to benefit their country, not only by enriching its traders, but by extending its power and civilization. Their history is too often a record of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, of the calumnies of greedy and disappointed rivals; and then of recall, trial, confiscation, and disgrace! Such was the fate, to venture no farther into South African history, of Adrian van der Stel, the most active and enterprising of the servants of Holland in South Africa. One remembers also those who, having sailed out with high hopes, on their return passed by the fateful peninsula, after years of service and hardship, defeat and victory, to meet the neglect and reproof of their country; were put into

chains, like Columbus, or left to die in disgrace and poverty. There was Albuquerque with the boldest heart and biggest mind of the Portuguese empire builders in the eastern seas; La Bourdonnais and Dupleix, the greatest of France's admirals and generals, who served her in Indian warfare; and our own Clive and Warren Hastings.

May the myth of Prometheus, as the rock-bound genius of Table Mountain, be likened to the life-drama of Cecil Rhodes? There he dreamed his day-dreams; it was his 'church', where he had 'thoughts for the advancement of his country and the betterment of humanity'; and it was there that the bolt of destiny felled and for the time stunned him. The idea possessed the imagination of Swan, the sculptor, when at Groote Schuur studying his life and surroundings, and he expressed it in the sketches and models with which his deft fingers played. To achieve in act these 'thoughts', the Idea, which possessed his life, Rhodes 'defied power which seemed omnipotent'. England was shocked when he said, 'There is no room in South Africa for the Imperial factor.' The Home Government hitherto had seemed omnipotent, but it stood in the way of quick and courageous action. Bechuana-land, 'the Suez Canal of South Africa', the Rhodesias, and Kenya and Uganda—Katanga was lost by ill luck and not by want of his foresight and endeavour—Nyasaland, which he financed when the Home Government would not, might never

have become part of the British Empire through the cautious and slow-moving policy of the Colonial Office, had it not been for the imagination and faith of Rhodes, and belief in his power to convert his faith into constructive plans and action. But, as the fire, which Prometheus stole from Heaven, has proved a bane as well as a boon to mortals, so Rhodes, in his impatience and the misuse of his power to gain the end which his conscience approved, brought the fire of war to the land and dire suffering on himself. I saw him riding up the mountain the first time he left his house after the Raid; his changed face revealed to me the tormented soul within. 'The wrecker of the law', dethroned from his kingship in South Africa, suffered then, 'in gyves of adamant and bondage blind',¹ torture for which the spirits of his beloved mountain and ocean could then offer little consolation. It was not till later, when called to action in the mountains and waste spaces of his own Rhodesia, the Matoppos and Inyanga, that hope came to revive his faith, and his 'foresight' could reveal to him the ultimate triumph of his ideals.

Stead in his *Last Will and Testament of Cecil Rhodes* says that 'to understand the man you must imagine the offspring of a Roman Emperor crossed with one of Cromwell's Ironsides, brought up at the feet of an Ignatius Loyola'. Instead of an 'Ironsides', he would have been nearer the mark if

¹ Gilbert Murray's translation.

he had said one of the many sons of Tancred de Hauteville, who left Normandy, as adventurers, to conquer and create kingdoms for themselves in the south of Europe. Or Henry the Navigator, scion of the Royal Houses of Portugal and England, who, from his lone promontory near Cape St. Vincent, dreamed of the conquest of the Mohammedan Empire, and the eastern seas beyond the unknown African continent. So Rhodes from Table Mountain dreamed of the extension of the Empire from the Cape to Cairo: it was Sea-Quest inspired the one; Land-Quest the other. Henry's quest for the victory of Christendom was to outflank his Moslem enemy and break his eastern sea-power, the fountain source of the Infidel's wealth and power. Bartholomeu Dias, sailing coastwise found the sea-passage past the Cape, and Vasco da Gama following, but more boldly venturing in mid-ocean, reached the east coast of Africa and India; and in the Indian seas superior Atlantic sea-craft made victory inevitable. That victory of Christendom altered the whole history of the world. Rhodes' land-quest was for 'Homes, more homes', for the people of South Africa and the overflow from Great Britain, on to the highland plateau, which stretches from the Cape to the Great Lakes. It was one adventure only in his dream-quests which sought the power of united nations which 'maketh wars to cease in all the world'. Success might, too, have altered the history of the world.

Rhodes was no Cincinnatus to retire to his farm after his fall from power: nor had he the spirit of the 'Happy Warrior' in all the sense of Wordsworth's poem. He was indeed a 'generous spirit, who had wrought upon the plan, which pleased his childish thought'. But his nature would never submit to defeat or eclipse. 'My work is only just beginning', he said soon after his great failure. His master bias never lent itself to 'homefelt pleasure'. He denied himself such pleasures in consecrating his life to the great self-imposed mission. 'Happy' he certainly was, until his fall at the Raid. All the energies of his powerful and masterful brain and body, his thoughts, reading, talks, and actions were wrought into the design conceived from his youth onwards. We know this from his early wills; it was a design unchanged through life, except as experience and conditions may have developed the details of his policy. They were the warp and the woof of a beautiful tapestry, which wealth, personality, and opportunity, turned to glorious gain by work and foresight, gave the genius of the artist the power to create. Who would not but be happy in such a soul-absorbing life-task? But he looked back, alas! into the mirror of destiny and 'out flew the web and floated wide', and the curse fell upon the weaving of his hands. Yet in courage and steadfastness of faith he went on with his task till death, and in the fabric which he wove in his lifetime, and is yet to be completed through

the influence of his scholarships, will not the one rent be lost sight of in the grandeur of the whole design?

He was rather cast in the mould of Shelley's *Prometheus*, 'Neither to change nor falter nor repent', in defiance of the Powers of Heaven. He repented of his faults, but never of the aim—of his short cut, but never of the direction. Milner found him 'undaunted and unbroken, but untaught by failure'. Yet Vindex says that, in a speech to the British Chartered Company in London after the Raid, 'he looked more like a man who knew what suffering and failure meant than, as he usually looked, a Roman Emperor born with an ambition to administer the world'. Tender feelings are unveiled in his letter to Rosebery in 1899: 'You must remember my troubles are nothing to yours.' He had, indeed, confessed both in his speeches and conversation that he had been—as he put it in a letter to an American lady, Mrs. Hays Hammond—'too arbitrary in his way of thinking and acting'; and he had come to realize, as he said, the ennobling influence on character of the uses of adversity. As his life's Idea took form under his eyes, with an early success so dazzling that it may have seemed to him miraculous, there may have come a belief in his destiny, and in the justification of the instant way during his all too short span of life. It was the 'ὕβρις' of the eternal tragedy of human greatness.

His ideas on religion have been described in many of his biographies. His speech, in which he told chapel-goers that his church is the mountain, expressed deep conviction: 'I find that up in the mountains one gets thoughts, what you might term religious thoughts, because they are thoughts for the benefit of humanity.' More recently, Table Mountain inspired another great South African, General Smuts. In the inspiring words which he spoke on the mountain top at the dedication of the cairn reared there to the mountain climbers who fell in the Great War, he said: 'Table Mountain was their cathedral where they heard a subtler music, saw wider visions, and were inspired with a loftier spirit.' 'The Mountain is not merely something externally sublime. It has a great historical and spiritual meaning for us.' Professor Trevelyan, too, in his eloquent address on 'The Call of Natural Beauty' has said that 'the personality of a mountain . . . is one way by which men see God'. In the same speech Rhodes added, 'There are those who throughout the world have set themselves the task of elevating their fellow beings, and have abandoned personal ambition, accumulation of wealth, and perhaps the pursuit of art, and many other things that are deemed most valuable. They have chosen to devote their whole mind to make other people better, braver, kindlier, more thoughtful, for which they deserve the praise of all men.' This was no conversion late in life, as his early

profession of faith and his wills are a sure proof.

We have his insistence on a religious education in the schools of Rhodesia; and the idea of two chapels for both races in the University at Capetown, which he once intended to build. He was well read in and loved to discuss the history of all religions, and never scoffed or allowed others to scoff at any. He rebuked his young men for shooting on Sunday on the farms of the Boer settlers in Rhodesia, 'lest they should offend their religious susceptibilities'.

The Archbishop of Capetown said in his funeral address that he had had a 'conversation with him too sacred to be revealed', and that 'there were many who might, if we only knew his inner life better, have learned a salutary lesson from him'. A true tribute to his worth was paid by de Villiers, the South African Chief Justice, when, unveiling his statue in Capetown, he said that in the composition of Cecil Rhodes there were many metals and even clay, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, yet it was 'the pure gold' which would ever live in the memory of South Africa.

The character of a man is to be judged by those of his friends. Rhodes, as has been shown, for fear of lack of sympathy confided to few his innermost thoughts; but these few were a galaxy of bright and steadfast stars. The earliest confident was Stead, the moral and social reformer, who suffered

imprisonment for his convictions: Booth, the evangelist, who said of Rhodes that 'he was a great heart hungering for love': Charles Gordon, who pressed Rhodes, alone of his friends, to go with him on his forlorn hope to the Sudan: Albert Grey,¹ of whom Bryce said, 'no more beautiful and lovable character has adorned our generation'; and who himself said of Rhodes, 'The uncouthness of his exterior was a protection to a sentimental nature, and hid the heart of a child': Edmund Garrett, fearless and refined, and the chosen disciple of Stead: Jameson, whom even his enemies after the criminal action of the Raid came to love and respect: Watts, the spiritual artist: and Lord Rosebery, of whom Gladstone said, as recorded by Lord Crewe, that he was 'of the highest honour and probity'. Rosebery admired the 'soaring energy of Rhodes' and said, 'No one has been more slandered: his life was simplicity itself'.

It was the financial intellect of Alfred Beit which helped Rhodes to create his wealth. But in the personality of his lifelong friend there must have been some spiritual essence, which impelled the saying of Stead, to which FitzPatrick assented, at the funeral at Tewin Water, that 'there was something Christ-like about Alfred Beit'. When he visited South Africa, after Rhodes' death, I

¹ *Albert Earl Grey. A Last Word*, by Harold Begbie, helps the reader to understand, through the sympathy of mutual friendship, the idealism of Cecil Rhodes.

remember how he brought to some of us a reflection of the generous spirit, which seemed like a warm afterglow of the sun which had set into cold night.

Rhodes would, I believe from my knowledge of his thoughts, have subscribed to the religious faith of William James that 'God himself may draw vital strength and increase of our being from our fidelity: . . . that there is something really wild in the universe, which we with all our idealities and faithfulnesses are needed to redeem'. Bishop Gaul, Rector of Kimberley and first Bishop of Mashonaland, wrote of Rhodes thus to me: 'Behold the strong man who has not yet found the way to worship Me, but has found the way to serve Me.'

His faults he himself admitted. 'Have I done nothing!' he answered to the accuser. In his speech at Oxford he admitted that he had 'done things which savoured of violence'. 'You must look back to far-off times in English history for a parallel to the state of things in South Africa; and he asked that it should be amongst the men of those times, who had done good service to the State, that 'his own life and action should be weighed and judged'.

He was, perhaps, as Carlyle said of Napoleon, 'a great *ébauche*, a rude draft never completed: as indeed what great man ever is other? Left in too rude a state, alas!' It was Garrett, who best diagnosed the cause of his rashness in his saying that

there was significance in the fact of 'Jameson the doctor being Jameson the raider'; and again in his dramatic story of the 'dinner alone with Rhodes, when he showed him his pulse 'standing out as it were in a knot, and, as the artery pumped and laboured, one could count the throbs by the eye'. He then realized that Rhodes 'lived under a Damocles sword'.

Masefield in his book on Shakespeare shows us that the heroes of the tragedies are 'betrayed by an obsession; Caesar by ambition; Antony by passion; Wolsey by worldly greed; Coriolanus and Timon by their nobleness; Hamlet by his wisdom'. Cecil Rhodes was betrayed by his impatience due to the throbbing pulse and the knowledge of the short lease of his life; Jameson, the successful surgeon, by belief in the efficacy of the quick operation. Both felt that 'diseases desperate grown, by desperate appliance are relieved, or not at all', and so they 'took the instant way'.

Rhodes saw the set prize of his life's work, a strong united Africa, his fulcrum to federate the Empire and from that up and on to promote Anglo-American amity, vanishing in the drift towards a hostile Transvaal Republic under the protection of Germany. It must be remembered that, before the Raid, the Dutch and British alike in Cape Colony were treated as Uitlanders by the Transvaal, and that they equally sympathized with the attempts to reform the reactionary government

of the Transvaal; and that three distinguished Afrikaners, President Brand of the Orange Free State earlier, and later de Villiërs and Hofmeyr, had tried and failed to influence the obdurate old President. So he himself, by helping the revolutionists there, risked the lesser evil for the greater good. He thought 'The Imperial Factor' would not—had indeed better not—intervene to force a settlement; so he would take the responsibility on his own shoulders. He was not responsible for the actual Raid. When he knew the revolution had failed, he tried to stop Jameson. It was the armed invasion of a neighbouring State which made all that was right, wrong, and all that was wrong, right, as was said at the time; and which provoked a staunch English South African to say to me, in the exasperation of the moment, 'I don't know which side I should fight on.' But Rhodes frankly took the whole burden of the blame on himself. His courage and outward cynicism hid his suffering: the higher the mountain, the deeper its shadow!

John Buchan in his life of Caesar thus sums up the character of his hero: 'Combined in him were the realism of a man of action, the sensitiveness of the artist, and the imagination of the creative dreamer—a union not, I think, paralleled elsewhere.' May not these characteristics be applied as a test of the life of Cecil Rhodes? He was a supreme example of the combination of the creative dreamer and the man of action. Like Caesar he amassed

millions for the power which wealth gave. He was not indeed a commander of armies; nor a refined scholar or conversationalist; and far from a master of prose! And the word 'sensitiveness' may in him have a different interpretation. Caesar may have conceived and initiated the Augustan age which 'found Rome brick and left it marble'. But Rhodes on his part found South Africa built and furnished with the imported output of machines, and he left it, not indeed of marble, but of the building material of the country ordered and worked by the brains and hands of craftsmen. He awoke an artistic consciousness in the people of South Africa, which has no parallel in our colonial history. When we consider the artistic limitations of the youth and rawness of his country, and remember that in the time of Caesar the arts of Greece stood ready at hand to capture her Roman conquerors, the ideals of Rhodes for the advancement of all the nobler arts in his country were at least comparable to those of the founder of Imperial Rome. May the audacity be forgiven, too, of the attempt—comparing the small with the great, as must be held in anticipation of the verdict of history—to draw a parallel between Caesar and Rhodes in the higher sphere of statecraft. Caesar found his disordered world in danger of disruption from internecine strife within the empire and from the barbarians without; and so its urgent need was peace and unity. Rhodes found the Great Powers quarrelling over

the partition of Africa and, foreseeing as a prophet, the warring empires of the future, devoted his life's work towards a league of those nations which he thought would be powerful enough to ensure the peace of the world. Had his foundation, the Federation of South Africa, been more truly laid, and given time to consolidate, who can say that his dream structure might not have been realized? Was it but an idle dream? Had he been met even half-way in his attempt to come to terms with the Transvaal Government, and had he been given life and health till the age of sixty-one (twelve years! he had asked the Almighty for ten), it is not surely inconceivable that, supported by a strong African Dominion, he might have animated with his spirit an Empire, so united and valiant that it would have quickened the decision of the British Government to warn Germany of intervention. There is weight behind the opinion that such a warning, given earlier, would have prevented the Great War. It is at least a tribute to the dreamer that now, thirty years after his death, it is being asserted in Parliament and Press that, whereas Geneva and World Conferences may fail, the combined navies of the British Empire and of America might alone succeed in ensuring the peace of Europe and the world. It is a 'thought' at least, as Rhodes held, 'worth occupying the best souls of the world'.

When Lord Grey of Fallodon spoke at the open-

ing of Rhodes House at Oxford, he said: 'The faults of all great men in history were common; the qualities they had were rare.' In his greatness, he said, Rhodes had risen conspicuously high above his faults. In the same strain had Albert Grey spoken at the dedication of the Memorial on Table Mountain; and Rosebery, too, when a memorial tablet was unveiled at Oxford. Professor Flexner, who was present at Rhodes House, remarking on the greatness of Lord Grey's speech, regretted that such a speech could not have been made in his own country, as in America it was an offence to the State to speak ill of national heroes. One was reminded of the words Shakespeare put into the mouth of Agrippa, when he says of Mark Antony:

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, Gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.

Amongst the great men I was privileged to know and work for in South Africa, Cecil Rhodes stands out pre-eminently as a personality impelling the highest service and inspiring hero-worship. He carried you with him above the material and the critical into the higher sphere of his own practical idealism. Lord Milner compelled the most devoted service by his charm, frankness, and steel-like steadfastness of purpose, and the force of his reason. May a comparison between them be made in the terms of Bacon's definition of poesy, 'the one does raise and erect the mind, whereas reason doth buckle and

bow the mind into the nature of things'? General Botha, the born leader of men, by his penetrating look of understanding and trust, commanded an eager and loyal response. But in the very presence of Cecil Rhodes, which in his best days always seemed in tension, even when under control in its calmness; in his broad forehead and large grey eyes, which could flash the inspiring thought and melt with a gracious kindness, there was some magnetic force, induced by the energy of thought and will within, which quickened those who worked for him to 'the utmost up and on'. Like one of his own diamonds from which he drew his power, the crystal of his life had many facets. Some facets, no doubt, had faults and impurities of colour, but they were such as may give to nature's mould a beauty superior to the brilliant perfection of the cutter's artifice. The unity and symmetry of the whole design was never in doubt. Some of these facets in his shyness he revealed to few. Their rare light, which I was privileged to see, I have had the temerity to attempt in these pages to reflect on to those who may cherish his memory, and in the years to come may be inspired both in thought and action by his ideals and example.

Each ray of thy will
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over
 shall thrill
 Thy whole people the countless, with ardour till they
 too give forth
 A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill the South
 and the North
 With the radiance thy deed was the germ of.

BROWNING, *Saul*.



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